

Children's Newspaper, May 16, 1931

The C.N. for a Lonely Child
Anywhere for 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 634

Week Ending
MAY 16, 1931

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

MONDAY IS GOODWILL DAY

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CINDERELLA

THE MODERN VERSION

A Good Deed To Begin
Collecting With

THOSE AMUSING THEMSELVES PLEASE COPY

By Our Hungary Correspondent

The collector's instinct is inbred in most of us. Nearly all of us collect something, whether pictures, old silver, matchboxes, or stamps. Why not collect lovely actions? By keeping our eyes and ears open we shall soon have a portfolio filled with them. Here is one to start a collection with.

It was at a supper-and-bridge party, a very smart affair, as resplendent as the Ball that Cinderella went to. There were gorgeous dresses shimmering in the soft light of the chandeliers, soft music, and the gay laughter of people enjoying themselves. Most of the guests sat at green baize-covered tables playing bridge, a game not invented in Cinderella's time. Those who did not care to play sat around and talked.

A Very Great Lady

Some time during the evening a lady, having finished her game, rose from one of the tables and sat down beside me. She was a very great lady indeed—her name and her bearing both proclaimed it—still young, and very, very beautiful. Her black frock, so cunningly and courageously simple that one could not help suspecting it must have cost a small fortune, set off her grave and delicate beauty as no colour could have done. But it was her shy and winning smile that one noticed above all, for it went straight to one's heart and stayed there.

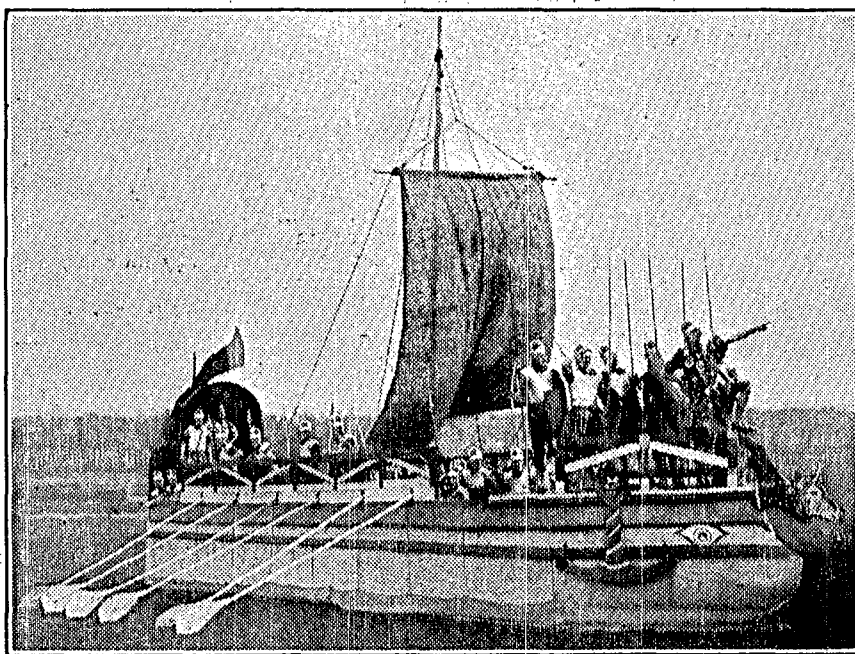
"Look at all these people around us," she said after a while. "When I see them and think of the woman I visited this morning it makes me want to cry. She is a washerwoman with seven children, and she will be put out in the streets tomorrow because she cannot pay her rent. There must be at least 60 people here. If each of them gave only a pengő (a coin less than a shilling in value) or two! Not one of them would feel it; and that woman and her children would be saved. Shall I ask them?"

The Generous Impulse

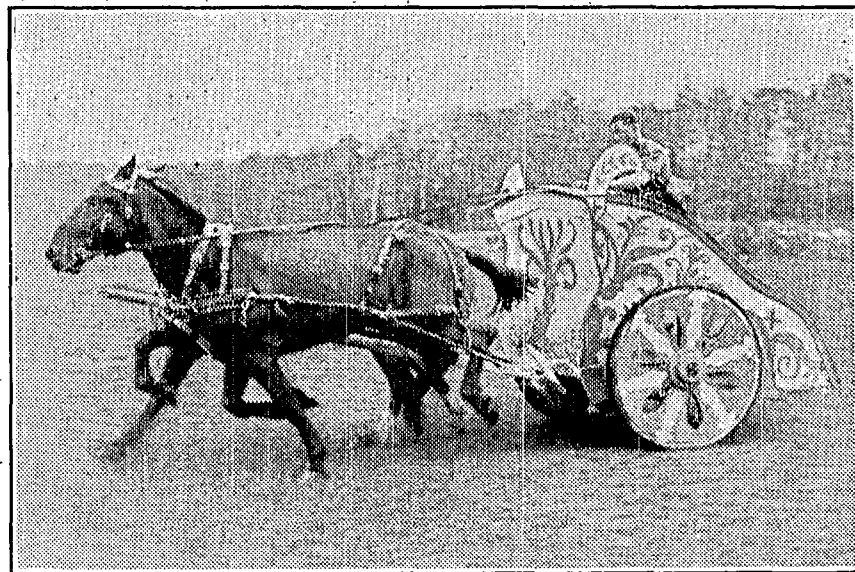
I could see her shrink even while she put the question; but she did not wait for my reply. The generous impulse which had prompted her kind thought swept her on, and the next minute she was going from table to table, telling her simple and pathetic little tale. Only her flushing and paling cheeks and her piteous smile betrayed the ordeal she was enduring. Of course they gave her what she asked; much more; and, the dreadful ten minutes over, she returned to me with radiant face and her hands full of banknotes.

"That will keep them going for at least a year," she whispered as we counted the money together. "Will you

Back to Roman Britain



A Roman Galley Comes to Aldershot



A Charlotteer at Practice

The Roman occupation of Britain is to be represented at the Aldershot Tattoo. These pictures were taken during rehearsals for the wonderful spectacle, which takes place next month.

come with me when I take it to her tomorrow?"

I went of course, and saw a terrified woman snatched back from the brink of despair. We left her crying happy tears with all her children around her. And my companion asked me to come up to her own flat with her.

"It's really only a bed-sitting-room," she said. "You see, we lost most of our money after the war, and when my husband died last year I was left penniless. I have a boy of ten to educate, so I live as simply as I can and work. What at? I give bridge lessons. I'd much rather do something more useful, but beggars can't be choosers and I happen to have a talent for bridge. Aren't my flowers pretty?"

I looked round the delightful room filled with books and flowers and lovely old furniture which quite evidently had seen better days. "I think they are

marvellous," I said; "and so are you." I could not refrain from adding.

"But I'm not," she laughed. "I'm a terribly frivolous person. I love parties and go to as many as I can, though I have only one black frock, which I made myself. You saw it last night." Modern Cinderellas are like that.

POOR LITTLE JACKDAWS

What harm can the jackdaws of the quarries about Warnsworth Cliffs, Doncaster, do to anyone? None.

On the contrary, the farmers there maintain that they do good and more than pay for their keep.

But others are not so merciful. Every year in springtime, when the jackdaws are nesting, parties of men with guns come to the quarries for a day's slaughter.

A correspondent asks us to say a word about this senseless cruelty.

We do, and we cannot say enough.

A MOST DEAR LADY

MRS JOHN WILLIAMS

The Glean of Light That Will
Not Fade Away

A MOTHER OF THE LAST GENERATION

Will some of those girls growing up read this story of an old lady who has been in the world 75 years and just gone?

She was Mrs John Williams, whose father founded the famous publishing house of Hodder & Stoughton. Her eldest son was that gifted man Sir Ernest Hodder Williams, who died not long ago to her exceeding grief; and her other sons are the Dean of Llandaff and the two who carry on the publishing house today, Robert Percy and Ralph Hodder Williams. We imagine that they send out more books into the world than any other firm, and their great and continuing success must have been an infinite delight to their old mother.

Two Passions

She was one of those people who make a mark on their generation, and she will be remembered as a woman of two passionate interests, her family and poor people, especially poor children.

As for her family, it was always with her. Long after they were grown up and doing their own work in the world she drew her children round her as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings. She saw her seven children all happy in the world, and her 17 grandchildren made her young again. It was Jane Addis, the old nurse of her first child, who nursed her through her last illness; she came to nurse her first little one and stayed over fifty years.

Mrs Williams lived intensely every hour, for she loved the world and the people in it. She never sought far for those she wished to help without a thought of self. She was too clear-minded and strong in character to waste her life in sentiment; she spent it in a public service and helpfulness that will only be quite realised now that she is gone. She worked for education long ago; she helped on women's movements everywhere; she was a good friend of churches and missionaries.

Children and the Poor

But not one of the interests that were so dear to her round her home at Bromley Common could drive her to forget the children and the poor. These she never failed. No needy person came to her in vain, and it was said of her that she had an uncanny power of knowing the deserving poor from the undeserving beggar.

There are not many people whose lives have been such a path of light throughout their generation, and the gleam will not soon fade away.

"Write me as one who loved his fellow-men," said Rabbi Ben Ezra. Write her as one who loved others better than herself, we can say of this dear lady.

THE LITTLE POOR MAN CARRYING ON THE SPIRIT OF HIS WORK

A Good Movement Growing
Up in the Countryside

BROTHERS OF ST FRANCIS

Lovers of the little poor man of Assisi will remember that his first piece of work after his conversion was to collect stones for repairing the tiny church of St Damian, still used by brown-robed Franciscans. St Francis begged stones from all his friends.

This happened about 700 years ago, but the example of the saint remains. Today we hear of children in Ashted village collecting 300 eggs for the invalid members of a neighbouring St Francis Home. The children took their eggs to church and placed them in baskets, and then they sat down and listened with rapt attention to a fascinating story.

Playing Truant

The story was about an Italian boy of Assisi whose father was a silk merchant. The boy grew up a handsome fellow, sometimes leading his friends into mischief and often playing truant from the school of the parish priest. But at 25 a great change came over his life. Francesco was stricken with a serious illness, and when he recovered his former pleasures no longer satisfied him. He was filled with an eager desire to minister to the sick and poor around him. Yet before Francesco did this work he restored the little church.

Now the saint had spent all his money, and to obtain more for building materials he stole a horse and a bale of silk belonging to his father, and sold them at Foligno market. Naturally Francesco's father was angry, and locked him up, but his mother released him, and when Francesco had restored the stolen property he left his home for ever to found the Franciscan Order.

A Home for Vagabonds

Today in Assisi the followers of St Francis quietly pursue their works of charity; and in England the influence of the Brotherhood, founded in this country in 1921, is extending. In Dorsetshire there is a St Francis Home at Cerne Abbas. Its object is to provide work and a home for the vagabonds who tramp our countryside. It is maintained by profits from a market garden, and by weaving, carving, and printing industries carried on there.

It is a good movement on lines of true helpfulness and understanding, and we may all hope that it will spread and that its usefulness will expand. Cerne Abbas is the pioneer centre in England for St Francis Homes, but we understand that there are plans afoot to start similar homes in Wiltshire, Hertfordshire, Somersetshire, and, through the interest of the Headmaster of Eton and his boys, in Sussex.

Newcastle is the smokiest city in England.

There are now 35 million motor-cars in the world.

There are said to be about a hundred kinds of modern noises unknown to our ancestors.

About 300,000 men are to be employed in making 25,000 miles of new roads in the United States.

Over eleven million people have visited the Crystal Palace in eleven years, an average of nearly 20,000 a week.

THIS IS DINGLEY DELL

A DELIGHTFUL STORY
OF A PLAYGROUND

The Spirit of Service in the
Shadow of the Tower

TOC H HAS AN IDEA

For a long time the boys who live near the Tower have been thinking they would like to play on an old, disused plot of ground lying between two tall buildings in Trinity Square. It was not very big, about 60 feet by 15, but there are not many places to play in that world of shipping offices and warehouses.

Someone else has also been thinking about the derelict plot—that thinker of very nice thoughts, the Padre of Toc H, who is Rector of All Hallows by the Tower. He knew as well as anyone there were not many places to play in.

What Mr Clayton Promised

One day Mr Clayton approached the authorities about this land. He thought he would like to rent it for a garden. The authorities were much amused. That dark, unpleasant spot a garden? There was some correspondence, and at last the authorities said that if Mr Clayton would promise not to keep pigs in it, and not to bring there any gunpowder or spirits or petroleum, he could have the plot at a certain rent.

This the-parliamentary group of Toc H promised to pay, and Mr Clayton set to work on his new garden. All the mud and stones and refuse were cleared away and a good floor made of gravel and concrete. The lower stages of the walls were distempered cream, and a ledge left with a stone slab on it where coats and bats and tackle can be put.

At the rear a stout, high fence was built, to catch unwary balls, and the front of the plot boarded up with a very nice double gate in open ironwork.

Why Men Love England

Next were brought in six little cypress and five box trees, in tubs, and set round the western end of the enclosure. A board was painted saying in clear letters This is Dingley Dell, and fastened on the outer boards for all to see. And one morning there was a pleasant little gathering of friends of Toc H, a speech was made on Why Men Love England, and the new playground declared open.

At the opening one of the Toc H officers read the description of the original Dingley Dell from Pickwick Papers. It was Mr Wardle's home, and all the Pickwick Club went down there one day to see him, and the fat boy managed to fall asleep a great deal, as usual. There was much laughter over that, and pleasant allusions to that other Dingley Dell near Ypres, of Toc H fame.

So now the boys and girls of Tower Hill are enjoying a little playing ground. The mothers are very thankful for it. When small boys, told to be quiet and not worry people, say dolefully "Oh, dear, where can we make a noise?" the answer is Dingley Dell.

How to Find the Dell

It is not hard to find. You go along Tower Hill, following the big garden railings round. In the distance you see a sudden picture of a happy-looking house, clean and shining, with flower-boxes at every window and the Toc H sign over the door. Looking that way you spy a wooden boarding not far from Toc H House, and you see the board: This is Dingley Dell.

A lot of people will go there and smile at the cheery little place, and think what a good thought it was to turn that plot of dirt and refuse into a playground. And if anyone wants to know why men love England they can stand on Tower Hill and look about, and think of humble little patches of happiness like this set within sight of the ancient Tower and London River.

WORLD TRADE

Severity of the Struggle
BRITAIN AND THE NATIONS

The severity of Britain's struggle to retain her export trade can be gathered from a study of the progress made in fifty years.

Half a century ago, which seems a time very close at hand to many now living, Britain exported manufactured goods to a greater extent than France, Germany, and America put together. So greatly has the position changed that last year France, Germany, and America together exported enormously more manufactured articles than we did.

In 1880 British exports of manufactured articles were 197 million pounds; by 1913 they had grown to 417, and by 1930 to 430 millions. France in 1880 exported only 74 millions, 167 millions in 1913, and 217 millions in 1930.

Germany in 1880 exported 82 millions, 328 millions in 1913, and 422 millions in 1930. The United States, which in 1880 exported 25 millions, in 1913 exported 247 millions, and 496 millions in 1930.

Remarkable Facts

So we get the following very remarkable change: that whereas we exported 197 millions' worth of manufactured goods in 1880 and 430 millions' worth in 1930, France, Germany, and U.S.A. exported 181 millions' worth in 1880 and 1135 millions' worth last year.

There are two ways of looking at these remarkable facts.

The first is that Britain could not expect for ever to do more export trade than France, Germany, and America put together. But, on the other hand, it does seem that the increase in her exports is not as great as might have been expected. The whole world has enormously increased its buying power; yet Britain has not availed herself of her opportunities.

Many explanations are given of the British decline, the chief being insufficient study of foreign markets and their requirements, neglect of artistic design, neglect of modern methods, and lack of organisation. No doubt all these things contribute.

As to the question of possibilities it can hardly be doubted that the world will increasingly present a larger market, and it is possible, therefore, for Britain to increase her export trade, given due organisation and enterprise.

PETER PUCK HAS AN IDEA

What To Do With Charing
Cross

Wilton Bridge at Ross-on-the-Wye is ancient and beautiful. Charing Cross Bridge is neither. But the old bridge can read a lesson to the other.

Wilton Bridge, having served the countryside for hundreds of years, found the growing traffic too heavy for its venerable back. The Gloucestershire County Surveyor therefore supported it by giving the bridge's interior a concrete lining, while leaving its lovely exterior to be a joy to future generations.

Nothing would effect that for Charing Cross Bridge, but if we have not brains enough to pull it down and build a better bridge in its place *why not transform it and give it a better shop-front?*

Wilton Bridge has a new inside. Charing Cross Bridge could have a new outside. "Oh what a goodly outside falsehood hath." Charing Cross would still be a makeshift, but we should save some millions by letting it stand; and anything would be better than continuing to do nothing as we have done for five years and more.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher
to use the Humane Killer

THE MEDAK SCOUTS

Cleaning Up the Village
HOW THE BOYS HELP INDIA

It is time the world knew something about the work of the Medak Scouts.

There are about 70 of these Indian boys, brown-skinned, bright-eyed sons of India, and their great desire is to make that country a happier place.

Once a year they march forth with flags flying to spring-clean a village. They know that there will be disease as long as the village street has a line of manure heaps down the middle. But it is no good preaching at people who think a manure heap by the front door cannot be bad because grandfather had one.

Boys Who Mean What They Say

So the Scouts camp—as far from the smell of the village as they can—and then they paper the market-place with posters which show in the plainest manner how dirt brings illness.

Then they start to clean up the main street, digging channels, carting away filth, filling up horrible pits, and levelling ruts. It is hard and unsavoury work, but the villagers who watch the workers are convinced of their sincerity. The boys must mean what they say if they will do all this to prove it!

Outside the village they build trenches five or six feet deep, and they explain to the farmers that the result of transferring filth to them will be much richer manure for their crops. So the farmers try this new plan, and find that it really does work better than a heap at the front door. A village which had no drains or sanitary arrangements begins to realise there is such a thing as sanitation.

An Exciting Play

At midday the trench-diggers put away their spades and go for a swim. Then they invite the villagers to their camp, where the visitors break into little groups. Sick ones consult the Scoutmaster's wife, youngsters learn to play new games, and a party of village elders discusses farming and sanitation with the camp chief and a few Rover Scouts. In the evening there is a lantern show, explaining the dangers of dirt and drink, and once, at any rate, there was a most exciting play given by the Sarjana troop. This troop was formed after the Medak Scouts had visited their district a year ago, and in a short year has practically rebuilt the village.

And so a very fine and practical bit of work is being done for India. When the ripples made by the Medak pebble have spread right across the wide lake of Indian village life a greater change will have been accomplished than any politician could have achieved.

THINGS SAID

There must be a rehousing of all mankind. Mr H. G. Wells

Trade will not follow the flag if it is flown half-mast. Sir Thomas Willford

The world needs more men who have opinions and not mere symptoms. The Chief Scout

The number of crabs landed on the Norfolk coast last year was 1,020,610. Fisheries Board inspector

The evils of forced leisure are almost as bad as the evils of forced labour. Dr L. P. Jacks

I do not know which is the more difficult to resist, a three-line whip or a petition ten miles long. Sir John Simon

Pessimism is nearly always based on half-knowledge, generally the wrong half. Lord Wakefield

If you walk round a hard problem you will find another on the other side. Sir Herbert Barker

The only use my title confers on me is that it secures for me quick service in hotels. Lord Ponsonby

YOUNG FARMERS · LESSONS ON THE SANDS · THE WATER BUFFALO



Safety First—Perhaps this man was reflecting that he was safe from the dangers of the traffic as he began to demolish a London building.



A Worker—The jungle-dwellers of Siam use the water buffalo as a beast of burden. Although its great horns give it a somewhat fearsome aspect this animal, seen in our picture in charge of a small child, has the appearance of being quite docile.



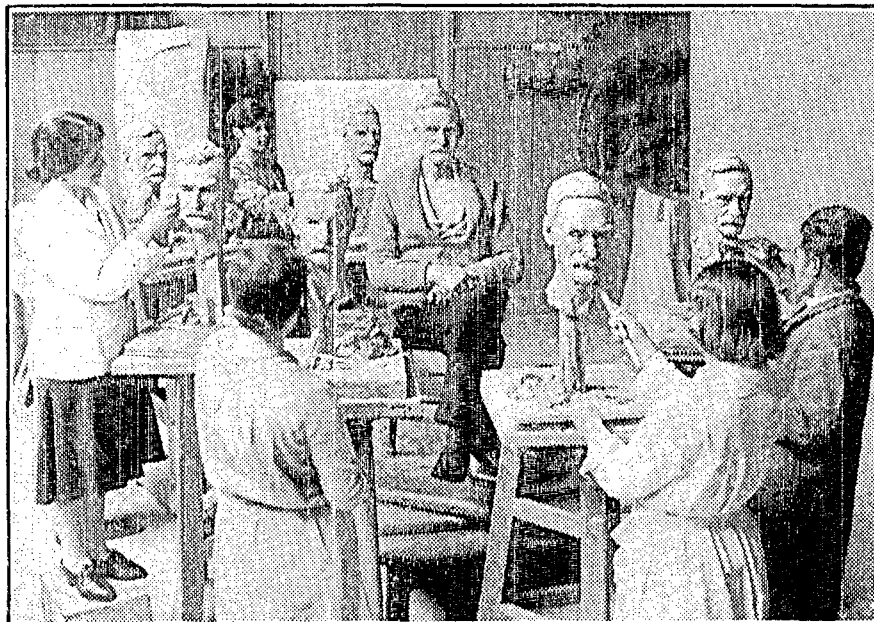
A Pigmy Plough—Here is a new type of petrol-driven cultivator for use in orchards. It is being demonstrated on a fruit farm near Chelmsford.



Lessons on the Sands—This year about 400 parties of children from London schools are to spend a fortnight in the country or by the sea. A class of girls is seen here taking a lesson on the sands at Shanklin in the Isle of Wight.



Young Farmers—At Chew Magna in Somerset a Young Farmer's Club has been formed. Each boy and girl looks after a calf or a sheep for a year, after which the animal is sold and the member receives any profit that is made.



As Others See Him—A model posing in the sculpture class of the Royal Academy School at Burlington House is able to see himself as six different students see him.



A Wayside Halt—Chairs are not considered necessary at this wayside inn in Korea, where the travellers sit on the road outside to eat their meal.

PEACE AND GOODWILL TO ALL MANKIND

EVERY day is Peace Day with the C.N., but especially we welcome the Eighteenth of May, which has been fixed as Goodwill Day for all the children of the world. On this day especially we are all to wish for peace and friendliness throughout the Earth.

The Children's League of Nations, founded by the C.N., has 25,587 members in all lands, and it sends its greeting everywhere on this great day in this great year when the seed of goodwill must be sown that shall bear its harvest next year at Geneva.

YOUTH OF THE WORLD AND PEACE

CHILDREN MUST BE BEHIND THE LEAGUE

What Ten Years Have Done in the Life of Nations

A MESSAGE FROM GENEVA

By Sir Eric Drummond
Secretary-General to the League of Nations

The future of the League must necessarily lie with a younger generation which, as the years pass, may tend to forget the story of its foundation.

The terrible events of the war will be gradually overlaid with fresh experiences, and it may be difficult for the children of the future to realise the tragic consequences arising from a failure of the nations of the world to understand one another and to seek in common a peaceful solution of their international difficulties and problems.

The League of Nations has in ten years become a necessary part of our international life as an institution for the discussion and settlement of questions affecting all nations. Statesmen from all countries meet constantly in the Council and the Assembly, and experts from every nation come together to consider the difficulties and discontents from which all peoples are liable to suffer. The successful working of this great machine, however, can only be secured in future by a belief in its necessity and a faith in its ideals on the part of the youth of the world.

Bringing Young Students Together

This fact is increasingly realised by those who are working for the League in the various countries, and a great deal of useful work is now being done to bring young students of different nations together, to enable them to become acquainted with each other, and to open their minds to what is being achieved everywhere today by means of international action in the common interest.

There is a special committee of the League which is constantly studying how best to ensure that, all the world over, scholars and writers, men of art and science, may be brought in touch with one another so that all nations may share in their activities and benefit from their discoveries. But it is necessary to appeal directly to the younger generation.

I am happy to have this opportunity of thanking the youth of the world for the keen interest it is beginning to take in the growth of cooperation between the nations, and to express my appreciation for all that is being done to encourage a better understanding between them.

From the Hills of Wales to the Children of the World

This is the Children's Message to be wirelessed round the world on Goodwill Day this year, May 18. It is being printed in six other languages.

WITH a cheer we boys and girls of Wales once again greet you, the boys and girls of Europe, Asia, Africa, the Americas, and of the great lands of the Southern Seas.

Today, Goodwill Day, we in Wales would especially remember the work of Dr Nansen, who was a friend to every country, and who is a hero to the children of every nation.

We believe, as Dr Nansen believed, that Peace is the practice of everyday friendliness between the peoples of the whole world.

We, too, would set out on this high adventure of winning the world for peace. We hail today the victories that have been won, and, with you, we resolve to dedicate ourselves, mind, heart, and hand, from this day forward, to securing the greater triumphs still to come.

THE ANSWER FROM THE CHILDREN

LIKE a live bird the Goodwill Message flies about the world today, winging its way into almost every nook and corner where children meet.

At first no answer was given to this bird-call over the Earth; then one or two came, then more, then more, until last year hundreds of answers came from hundreds of thousands.

And not only boys and girls have sent replies to the Message from the children of Wales. Honourable Ambassadors at the Court of St James, High Commissioners of the Dominions Overseas, have their names on the same list with those of Scouts and Guides and schoolchildren. Ministers of Education in China and New Zealand have answered; so has the Council for the Prevention of War in the United States, the Federation of the League of Nations Societies, and the International Bureau of Education in Geneva. The Red Cross and the Broadcasting Stations of many countries play each year a generous part.

The first cabled replies last year came from a children's meeting at Bandoeng in Java and from 2556 pupils of schools in Lisbon, while the first answer sent by wireless was from Hilversum in Holland. Many messages were written in Esperanto; pictures and essays by Chinese children came through the Chinese Legation in London; a branch of the sacred tree of the Acropolis was sent by boys of Athens; and beautifully illuminated addresses came from Spain, France, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, and Chile.

Here are a few of the hundreds of answering messages received last year from nearly fifty countries.

Australia. The children of New South Wales return the cheer.

Austria. As soon as the young people of all countries want peace there will be peace. We children must join hands.

Brazil. Your cry echoed strongly from north to south of our country. We must avoid everything that will trouble Peace.

France. Our joy was great on receiving your Message. When we have pupils of our own our desire will be to teach them to love all mankind.

Rouen Teacher's Training College

Our small Sunday School, lost in a valley of the Pyrenees, works with you, and would wish to bring its grain of sand to the building of the Temple of Peace.

A school in the Pyrenees

Germany. We will build with you a better world.

Girls of Leipzig

Greece. Let boys throughout the world work with a new spirit for the ideal of Brotherhood. Sent with an olive branch from the Acropolis by Athens boys

India. We are ever ready to help you in the great task you have undertaken.

Girl's High School at Karachi

Japan. We hope all nations will remember the poem of the Emperor Meiji:

O universal brotherhood,
Where art thou fled and gone?
Why rage the sea and tempest where
The sun but lately shone?

Signed by 12,760 children

Nova Scotia. From our sea-girt home we send this message of peace and goodwill.

Portugal. The pupils of the Institute of Odivelas, the greater part of whom are daughters of military and naval officers, unite with you in gratitude to all who are working for universal peace.

South Africa. From a district of mountains and plains, blue sky and bright sunshine, we thank you. Some of us hope to take an active part in this wonderful League when we are grown up.

Switzerland. In our families and among our friends we shall live and work for peace. We believe that what we struggle for in our small place will be realised in the whole world.

THE HERO OF GOODWILL DAY

NANSEN AS HE WAS

The Man Who Dreamed of Things and Did Them

A CONQUEROR OF PEACE

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, a boy grew up in Norway who rode and shot and fished and sailed his boat, camped in the woods, and climbed the mountains.

He was barely 17 when he won the skating championship of his country and broke the world's record for speed on a mile of ice. How swiftly he sped over that smooth surface! Yet even that pace was too slow for his eager spirit, and he quickly became a master-runner on skis.

To his love of sport he added scientific knowledge and skill, and while still in his twenties he planned and carried out an expedition in unknown Greenland which experts declared to be impossible. Then, as a master craftsman, he designed the ship which was to take him to the Arctic, and soon after the whole world rang with the fame of Nansen and the Fram. The two had been triumphant in their attack on the Frozen North.

At the Helm of State

Such fame comes to few men; yet Nansen thought little of his fame. He studied the sciences of Earth and Sea. He drew life-like pictures of polar bears on ice as well as of men and women at home. He wrote stories of sport and adventure and a serious history of those Vikings to whom he was so much akin. And he thought as little about these achievements as about his polar exploits.

The time came when his country was faced with troubles, and he threw himself heart and soul into its service, helping to steer the Ship of State with the same ardour and dauntless energy with which he had steered the Fram.

Finally a larger world than Norway needed him, a world in which men were striving to establish peace and order, a world crying out for succour after war had left it desolate. Nansen could not resist that call, and at an age when most would have left the task to younger men he plunged into the work which was to give him no rest. A year ago he left us.

All Geneva knew and loved him, the League of Nations trusted and honoured him, countless thousands owe their life and hope to him. In all he did he was fearless in standing up for truth, in denouncing unworthy thought and action, and, once he saw a goal before him, he never rested until it was reached.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP GOODWILL DAY EVERYWHERE AMONG THE PEOPLES?

THIS is C.L.N. Day everywhere: all the children of the world are asked to think of Peace.

Every country has its own great days marking stirring events in its history. Now the whole world has its great day, Goodwill Day, the Eighteenth of May. It is called Goodwill Day because it is the anniversary of the turning-point in the march of civilisation.

On the Eighteenth of May in 1899 a big thing happened. Statesmen of many countries met at The Hague to see how they could organise peace. That was a small beginning, but it was the beginning of the movement which has won for the world the League of Nations, the World Court of Justice, and the International Labour Office.

The suggestion that this notable day should be celebrated as World Peace Day was made by a German lady, Frau Selenka. The idea was first adopted by the International Council of Women, and first put into practice in the schools of America. Its observance all over the world has steadily increased.

In thousands of schools Goodwill Day now takes the form of special talks on the League of Nations, of pageants of peace, or programmes of songs and plays and games of other nations.

For 1930 perhaps the credit for the best Goodwill Day must go to the children of Vienna, where three thousand children of the Junior Red Cross were collected in the Prater to answer the message from the children of Wales. A

little girl of twelve stood on the lawn of the big cricket club and through a loud speaker addressed the huge assembly, with the Austrian President and the Chancellor among them. The little girl said:

In a few decades the world will be what we children of today want it to be. As soon as the young people of all countries want peace there will be peace. Therefore we children must join hands to fight for a world without war.

That was a splendid way of keeping Goodwill Day. What are we going to do?

As for us of the C.N., we are going to work a little harder than ever to make friends everywhere. As for every member of the C.L.N., why not keep

this Goodwill Day by determining to make one member more? Every little helps the greatest cause in the world, for Peace can never reign until it rests in the heart of everyone.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed to:



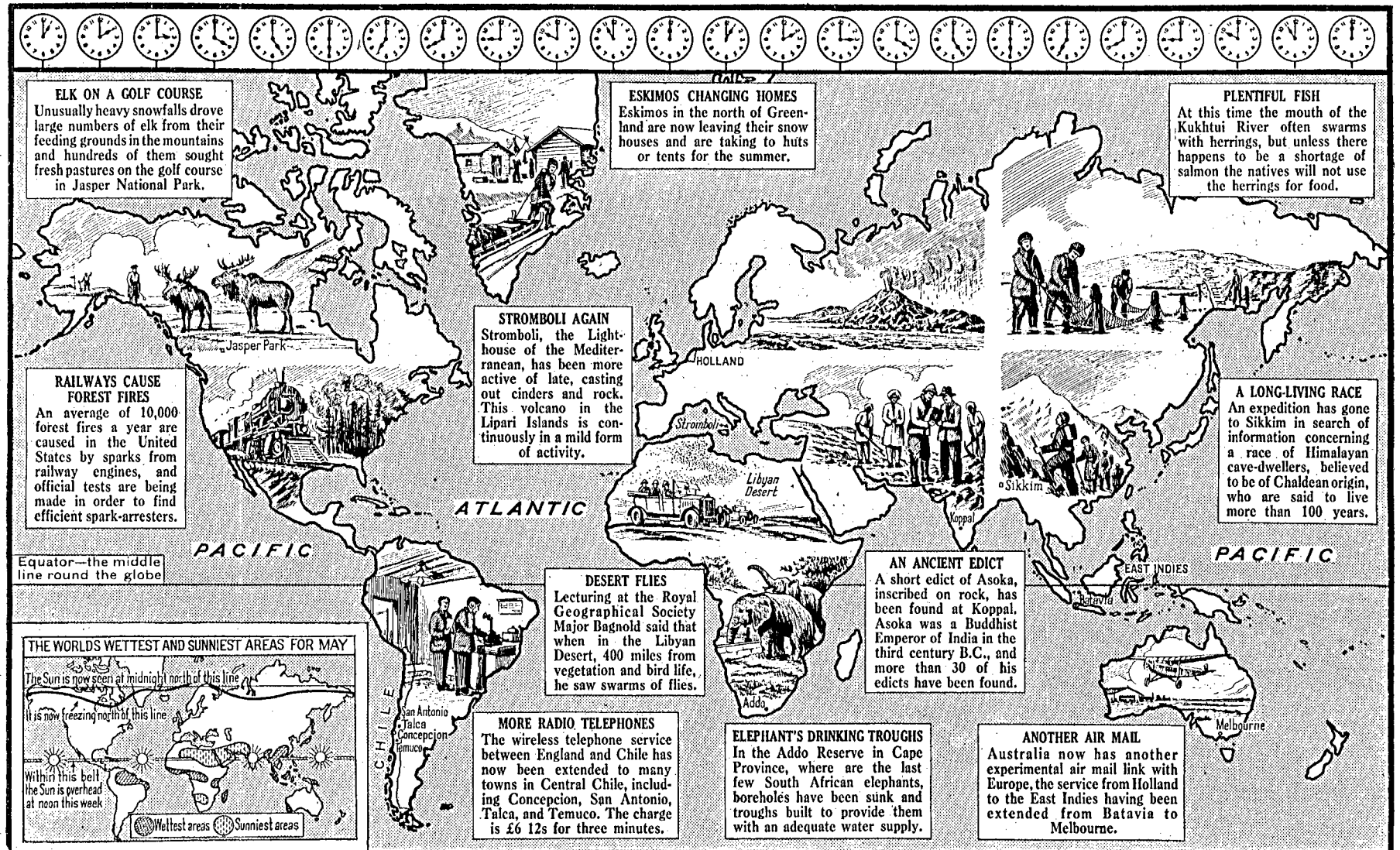
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W. 1.

The C.L.N. Badge

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



500 BRIGHTER VILLAGES Dramatic Moments in the Country

There is a lot of new life stirring in the veins of Old England.

Perhaps of all the many activities the Village Drama Society is one of the best, for it helps to satisfy the creative instinct in us all.

However much we enjoy reading other people's books, using other people's inventions, or watching other people play games, there is nothing to equal the satisfaction of a man who has himself grown a giant marrow, or made a car out of a couple of old bicycles and a sewing-machine. We all want to do something ourselves.

The Village Drama Society allows for that, and it is flourishing. Not only does it encourage the reading and acting of plays, but any member who is overcome by the desire to write one himself may rest assured that it will receive intelligent consideration.

There are already 500 branches of this society, and life in 500 country places is correspondingly gay.

Most villages send their members or producers to regular drama schools, but last summer they visited instead a Village Drama that has been going on for nearly 300 years, the Passion Play at Oberammergau. From this visit grew the wish to link up the work throughout the countries of Europe, and we hope this will develop, for the tie between all who work on the land is greater even than national differences.

VERY MUCH ALIVE

Referring to that excellent paper the Clarion, one of our writers mentioned that it had died.

Unfortunately the slip was passed. We have no excuse, for, far from being dead, the Clarion is very much alive and keeping a high standard. May it live to see the Millennium!

MR CRUSTY WRITES A LETTER And a Friend of Charles Kingsley Replies

Mr Crusty has written a letter to the papers saying that he thinks it is a great mistake to abolish the penny admission fee to Kew Gardens.

A penny can hurt no one, he says, and it helps to keep these gardens from becoming a playground for children! The only two days when he can really enjoy these gardens are Tuesdays and Fridays, when the admission is sixpence.

We passed his letter on to an old friend of Charles Kingsley's, Mrs Do-as-you-would-be-done-by, who replied:

"I rejoice to think that poor children can use these beautiful gardens as a playground. It doubles my own pleasure to think that they are not locked outside to play in the gutter or pine in slum rooms. And," she continued, "if Mr Crusty really thinks that a penny can hurt no one he knows very little about life. The very people who most need rest and beautiful surroundings and fresh air are the people to whom a penny is quite an important sum."

Let us hope that Mr Crusty will find a deserted corner of the gardens where he can play Robinson Crusoe, and that he will not glare too fiercely at the children he meets on the way.

THE TWO MILLION MAN-POWER VOICE

A good idea of the noise of London can be gathered from an experiment made by Captain West, of the Gramophone Company, the other day.

It was to find how far a man's voice would carry above the hubbub of London's traffic. The voice was amplified two million times by means of valves and a loud speaker, and it then carried about half a mile. The loud speaker was placed in a van near Waterloo Bridge, and the man's voice was heard across the river by people on Adelphi Terrace.

40 MILLION WORDS Washington and Westminster

We have sometimes seen our House of Commons irreverently referred to as the Talking Shop, but the efforts of our Members of Parliament are insignificant compared with those of Congress.

It has just been published at Washington that last year the Government had to spend £151,700 to print 40 million words of speeches delivered in Congress. The words spoken in a year in the House of Commons number about 12 millions.

In the American Congress they have what seems to us a very amusing custom. If a member is unable to take part in a debate he has the privilege of handing in his unspoken speech to be inserted in the official records.

We wonder what would be said if it were proposed here to print the unspoken speeches of all our parliamentary representatives. They would probably amount to a much greater total than the words spoken by those fortunate enough to "catch Mr Speaker's eye."

THE POOR SEA BIRDS What To Do When You Find Them

A lighthouse-keeper on the Pembroke-shire coast looked out one windy day and saw a strange sight. An oil tanker was moving through a choppy sea, leaving behind her a wake of smooth water about ten miles long!

Of course this smooth wake was made by escaping oil. No wonder parts of the coast are littered by crippled sea birds who cannot dive for their food because of their oil-clogged plumage and so are starved to death.

Is there a way to help them?

If their injuries are not too great, says the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, it is best to clean the plumage with olive oil and then wash with soap and water. Those who have used pure petrol have found that it injured the skin.

THE HAND OF FARADAY Remembrance Stone in a Power Station

Soon the framework of the Power Station at Battersea will be filled in.

Its chimneys will tower to the clouds, gigantic turbo-alternators will revolve with noiseless efficiency in the vast machinery hall, and from their impulse a million houses and workshops in Greater London will draw light and heat and power.

And all this has sprung from some of the painstaking experiments which Faraday's genius led him to make with copper wire and a horseshoe magnet a hundred years ago.

Faraday sent a current through his apparatus and created a magnetic field in which a pivoted bit of steel perpetually spun while the current was on. That experiment, or others resembling it, led by stages to the construction of the first dynamo. From the first dynamo grew those massive silent giants which are foundation-stones of the Electric Age in which we live.

It was to commemorate this discovery, now a century old, that another stone was unveiled on St George's Day in the structure of the Battersea Power Station. It was a Remembrance Stone placed there to the memory of Faraday.

The speech made at the unveiling was delivered through the agency of another electric marvel which even Faraday's genius could not have foreseen.

It was spoken into a microphone at Ottawa by Lord Bessborough, the Governor-General of Canada, was carried by wireless over the Atlantic Ocean, and was heard by the assembled company through amplifiers and loud speakers.

To some who heard must have occurred the thought that in these marvels Faraday, though dead, yet spoke to the third generation of the English people who came after him.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 16

1931

No More Famine?

It is curious to reflect that 150 years ago there were men in England who believed that the country had too many people and that soon it would be unable to find any food for them.

There was a great economist named Malthus who preached this doctrine. He wrote in the year 1798, when the population of England and Wales was just over eight millions.

What alarmed Malthus was that the population had then increased, because of coal and the steam engine, by a few millions in about half a century! Now England has five times as many people and is better fed than in 1798.

Even in late years people have continued to doubt the power of the world to feed itself. It is rather curious, therefore, that we now witness the spectacle of a world wondering what to do with its wheat. They have great unsold stores in the United States and in Canada, and do not know what to do with them. In Europe also this year there is a surplus of wheat, and a conference has been meeting to decide what to do with it. Russia, although short of meat, has more wheat than her teeming population needs.

We have here again a proof of the extraordinary powers of science. The economist Malthus never dreamed of what it would be possible to do in growing wheat, in shortening its life-cycle, in protecting it from diseases, in increasing the number of its fruits, and in using machinery.

The greater growth of wheat means that, with proper facilities for distribution, we ought to be able finally to abolish the spectre of famine from the world. Countries like Russia, China, and India, which in the past have been visited by recurrent famines on a large scale, ought to be set free from the spectre of want by a proper system of storage and distribution. We can look forward to world granaries in which the surplus harvests of good years will be stored to protect populous nations from bad years.

Wheat has been called the aristocrat of the grasses, and possibly in time the greater part of mankind will feed upon it. However that may be, it is of interest to recall at the present time that not long ago in our own history Sir Robert Peel hopefully looked forward to years to come when the British workman would be able to recruit his strength with plenty of wheat! Here, indeed, is a touchstone of vital progress. Less than a hundred years ago tens of thousands of our labourers were half-starved and living in conditions which drew tears from the eyes of kindly folk.

The world *does* move.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Poor Man's Penny

AMONG the many high tributes that have been paid to working people none is greater than that of Lord Cave.

His saying has been recalled by Sir Charles Mallet, who believes that the best scheme for helping hospitals is to get people to promise a penny, twopence, or threepence a week. Wherever systematic efforts are made to enlist the practical support of the working classes, said Lord Cave, *they never fail*. If your cause is good, you can be sure of the Poor Man's Penny.

That is a better source of income than gambling on a sweepstake, and we hope the hospitals will long rely upon it.

The Way to Remember

EVERYBODY must be glad to see the growing desire to waste less money on useless memorials of good lives and to make the memorial something helpful.

The first rule about a memorial should be that it should carry on the spirit of the life that is remembered.

We think of this because we have just been to see the lovely church that stands on a hill at Sevenoaks, and we walked along stone flags that have lately been put down in memory of someone who sleeps in this churchyard. It is surely a beautiful idea.

Ruled With a Feather

A GIFTED man has been writing of his childhood: that he was ruled with a feather; a mere look of disapproval was to him a punishment hardly to be borne.

What a glimpse of a beautiful home life is here! Ruled with a feather—so deep must have been the reverence and affection in that household.

It reminds us of an unforgettable scene in a modern novel in which a loving son, having forgotten his people and got into trouble, comes to hear his father's rebuke. They are together in the study for half-an-hour, during which the sad father says not one word, and the boy feels in every fibre the message his father is sending him.

Old Moon

Above the glades of bracken ferns
Old Moon moves through the night;
Strong arms of shadow hold the woods
And arms of silvered light.

Old Moon drifts over London too
And lights a million gems
Upon the breathing waterways
Of solemn moving Thames.

Through little cringing alley-ways
A silver path he paints
And hovers in cathedral aisles
To touch the sleeping saints.

He spills his silver on the fields
And blesses on his way
Men's little drowsing homes until
Old Moon is lost in day.

Marjorie Wilson

The Old Tracks and the New Goal

THE old beaten tracks do not lead us to our goal. It is time to begin prospecting in new lands.

We need you, young friends, with fresh eyes capable of seeing the simple elemental things—ready to try new trials, to run risks, and to dare the unknown.

Nansen

Over the Hills and Far Away

Over the hills and far away
A little boy steals from his morning's play,
And under the blossoming apple-tree
He lies and dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and of victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done,
Of the valour that he shall prove some day
Over the hills and far away.

Tip-Cat

IN matters of government man is left behind by ants. Well, look what heaps they know.

SURREY is famous for its walks. Where does it walk to?

OLD kitchen utensils are useful for growing plants in. Some people let their gardens go to pot.

How did we get our brains, asks Sir Arthur Keith. Some of us didn't.

A SHORTHAND-TYPIST's hair became entangled in her typewriter. She must have been trying to take it down.

MILLIONAIRES are difficult people to approach. They do not need to be close.

A CRITIC says the modern poet is blind to his own faults. Cannot even make his lines scan.

DOMESTIC servants won't stay long in one place. They are easily put out.

ONE firm is advertising a hat for all weathers. A straw shows which way the wind blows.

BALANCE is what matters most to a tennis player. Bank balance?

THERE is an epidemic of colds in the Navy. Sailors don't need to go up on deck for a blow.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown friend has given £1000 to the Old Vic and Sadler's Wells.

A RAILWAY director has left £100,000 for a music charity.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has given £10,000 for the poor of Glasgow.

JUST AN IDEA

Always put something in the place of what you overthrow.

The Printer's Way

WE rejoice to see that a Research Committee has been formed to deal with problems in printing. Can we hope that it will have some influence in checking the fashion of unreadable types?

We see them everywhere. There is a tradesman in the Strand whose name we can never make out on his shop. There are the most excellent inscription cards in Salisbury Cathedral, all in such ridiculous lettering that each line seems to be crossed out. There are types in which it is almost impossible to distinguish 3 from 8 or C from G. There is the wide-spreading habit of a certain sort of tradesman to use freakish letters, or to turn letters upside-down. There is the very bad custom of making John into Jno. or Thomas into Thos.; our famous travelling firm has for years sent a fine sounding name all round the world looking absurd as *Thos. Cook and Son*. What is wrong with Thomas? And what is right with Thos.?

There is the practice, even in good books, of abbreviating words without excuse, as *Sec. for Section* and *Cont. for Continued*. There is the habit of carrying on the quotation marks at the beginning of every line of a quotation, however long it is, and there is, last and worst of all, the obstinate refusal of the printer to set figures in italics except under dire compulsion. In almost any book or paper we pick up if figures come into italic passages they are set in Roman type, with the absurd result that, being generally unimportant, they stand out with dominating emphasis. Nothing could look more absurd, yet this printer's habit still dominates all our daily papers and most of our books.

Now that there is a Printing Industry Research Association for dealing with printing problems these fads and freaks and obstinacies may end.

The Tortoise Knows the World

WE speak in another page of Dr W. R. Whitney, the brain of the General Electric Works of America.

This is the story of the tortoise as he tells it, a rather good story for those who would have it that things do not work by Evolution, and that the animals learn nothing.

Put a water turtle on a high shelf and it will immediately jump off and commit suicide. Fearful of everything new, and ignorantly assuming that water is always at hand, he jumps from a fancied log into the imaginary water, and gets a real surprise. Water turtles are so inexperienced and stupid that even when blindfolded they do not hesitate, but jump at once.

The tortoise, or land turtle, is different. He has been ashore and has had experiences which he remembers. Put him on that same shelf and he will cautiously creep to the edge, look carefully, and jump only when it seems safe. Blindfolded, he prefers to sit still and work off the bandage before taking any chances.

It would seem that the land tortoise has a better brain than the marine type; and this is so, says Dr Whitney, for it is only in land turtles that the grey matter shows in the animal brain.

Peter Puck
Wants
To Know



If the Minister
of Unemploy-
ment is very
much em-
ployed

THE GOOD QUEEN'S AVENUES

INDIA REMEMBERS A KINDLY DEED

Government of Madras and Its Mangammal Green Ways

THE WAYSIDE MOTHER

A Mangammal Avenue has been planted in Madras, and many more are to be planted.

What is a Mangammal Avenue? Let us see; there is a story well worth telling behind it.

From the third century before Christianity up to the middle of the sixteenth century, for nearly 2000 years, the south of India was governed by the Pandiyan Dynasty.

They had their misfortunes at times when stronger monarchs challenged their authority, but they managed to retain their capital at a place called Madura, where one of the finest Hindu temples stands, with thousands of carved pillars inside. The eight big towers are carved all over with figures representing Hindu folklore.

Great Educational Centre

Under the Pandiyan kings Madura was a great educational centre. It was left to the Queen Mangammal, one of the later monarchs of this great dynasty, to give importance not only to Madura, but to other places in the south. She was a deeply religious woman, and encouraged pilgrimages and religious festivals.

During her reign the various centres connected with the exploits of the Hindu heroes and saints became centres of attraction. Pious Hindus from all over India began in thousands to visit one and then another of the sacred temples with offerings of gold, silver, copper, and precious stones. The good queen lived a simple life herself, and was not greatly concerned about the political supremacy of her empire. Her interests were more for matters spiritual.

Places of Rest

The pilgrims and travellers passing through her kingdom suffered a great deal from the moist heat of Southern India, and many fainted by the wayside; some even lost their lives on these travels. The queen therefore had long avenues of trees planted for hundreds of miles so that the pilgrims and the cattle could walk in comfort.

Every few miles she had places of rest built which are still known after her as Mangammal Chatrams, or inns. Here the traveller could not only rest but could obtain free food and drink. The good queen endowed all these little inns with land so that they were able to provide the needs of the hungry and thirsty. Many of the temples also were endowed by her, and every evening the poor and needy could go there to receive their daily ration of cooked food. The contributions made by the pilgrims helped to keep this service of feeding in a good condition, and the custom is followed even today.

A Sacred Title

Owing to her deep concern for the welfare of her people the queen was called Mother, and by that sacred title she is still remembered. The wayside inns still flourish and keep her memory immortal. She was even raised to the position of a god, and once a year the village people remember her by going round and round an earthen pot in which is placed the red paint used for the caste mark on the forehead by Hindus of various sects. The pot is wrapped up in leaves of mango, coconut, and tamarind.

The Government of Madras is planting long avenues of trees in the main roads leading out of the town toward various points, and for miles the mango, coconut, and tamarind trees, giving shade to travellers, will be known after the name of this great queen as Mangammal Avenues.

THE RETURN OF THE LOCKET

ONCE upon a time there was a pretty little lady who had a favourite locket, and when she died her kinsmen treasured it in remembrance of her.

"Dear Grannie used to wear it," they said, and it was kept, not in a safe or a jewel case but in a desk with old letters and such souvenirs as a baby's first curl.

The next generation and the next kept the locket in the same way, for the sake of the girl who had once been so young and beautiful and had always smiled so sweetly. Finally it came into the keeping of her great-great-great grandson Sir James Erskine, who lives in Eccleston Square, London.

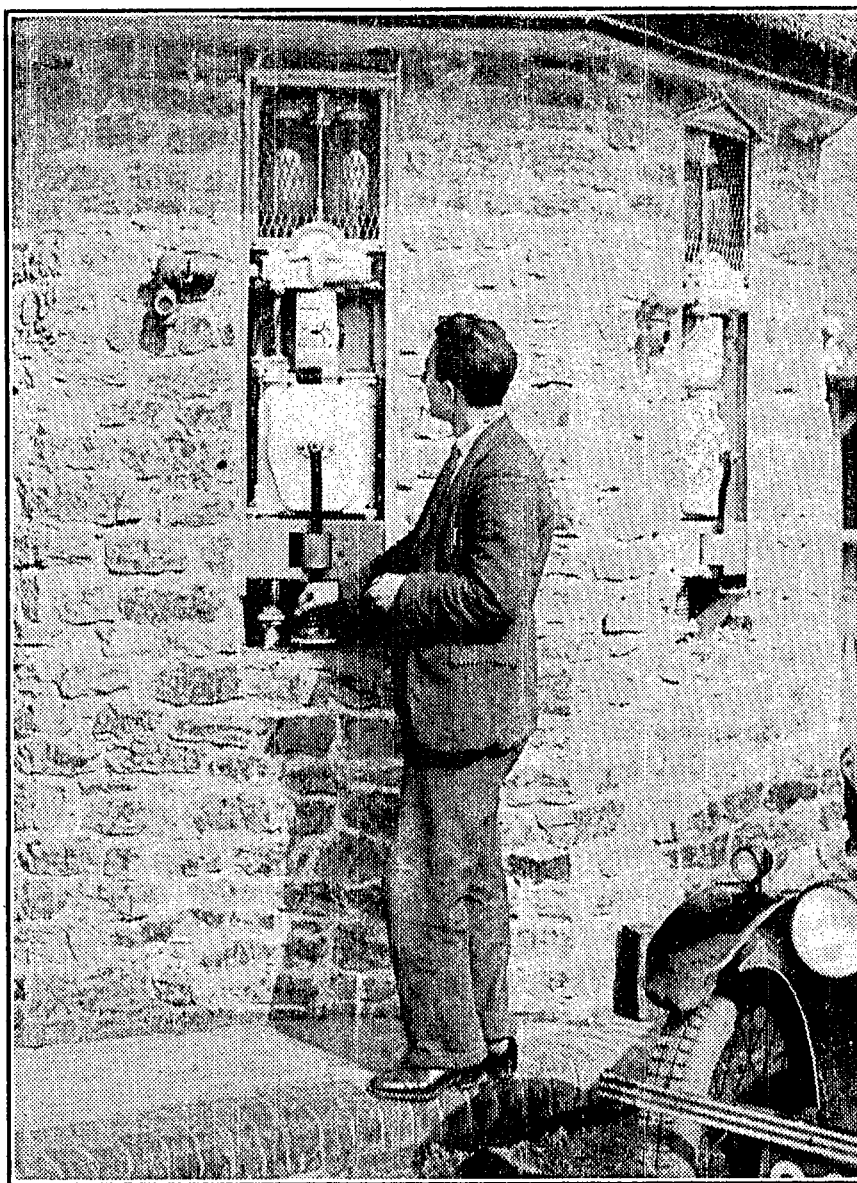
One night Lady Erskine thought she heard a noise downstairs, and when she went to see what it was she found a pile of silver on the drawing-room floor.

The thieves had fled at the sound of her coming, and had only taken a few things, among them being some Queen Anne spoons and great-great-great grand-mamma's locket.

For many days Sir James lamented the loss, and then one day he opened a letter and found the locket inside! It was wrapped in three envelopes and there was no message.

There is good in the worst of us, and in some way great-great-great grand-mamma had managed to awaken that speck of good in the thieves. Once awakened it may grow and spread till they hate dishonesty as much as the rest of us do. One day, perhaps, they will be decent people, getting an honourable living—and all thanks to great-great-great grandmamma.

AUNT SALLY BECOMES RESPECTABLE



Slowly, Aunt Sally is becoming ashamed of her shabby dress, and the petrol companies must soon become ashamed of the ridiculous gee-gaws with which they strew the countryside. We have gladly given publicity to some of Aunt Sally's new costumes; here she is seen at Benson near Oxford, where petrol can be obtained from this neat station.

THE DARK CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING

IT is hardly surprising that the workers for the Mission of St Alphege in London are nicknamed Elephants, for their headquarters are close to the well-known Elephant and Castle.

Not long ago these usually cheerful Elephants were more cast down than they had ever been before. Certainly it was difficult to keep smiling when the old parish hall had to be closed down and suddenly all the parish organisations were homeless. Men's and boys' clubs, girls' clubs, Sunday Schools, and Scouts and Guides were all turned out with nowhere to go.

Everything seemed quite hopeless when a bright silver lining began to appear behind the cloud. The Sisters of a Community working for the Mission came to the rescue. Very generously

they offered a piece of land to the Elephants, and at the same time a windfall came to the Mission, a legacy of two thousand pounds, or forty thousand silver shillings for a silver lining to the cloud.

So often it happens that an apparent misfortune turns out to be a blessing in disguise. The windfall has been added to other Mission funds, and a new and much better parish hall will soon be built. By next Christmas the Scouts and Guides and various clubs should be able to meet in a splendid building which will contain several large club-rooms on the ground floor as well as a large hall above them.

And so the cast-down Elephants have been lifted up, and now they are more cheerful than ever.

THE CRAWLING CRAB

A TALE OF THE SPEED AGE

Through the Suez Canal in 29 Years

22 INCHES AN HOUR

An odd story comes from the Suez Canal. A crab has arrived there after a 101-miles journey which took him 29 years, as briefly recorded in last week's World Map.

In 1902 some scientists were working on the shores of the Red Sea and they made the experiment of marking a family of crabs and putting them back in their pools. A record was made of the markings, and nothing more thought of it. Time would show if these experiments were justified.

Perhaps one of the crabs started the journey then, being a little scared at having a name and date put on him, or he may have started later. That no one will ever know. What we do know is that this crab, who has the grand name of Neptunus Pelangines, has crawled through the Suez Canal and arrived at Port Said hale and sound.

Among the Scientists

A number of scientists from Paris and Cambridge had been studying the movements of shell fish and ordinary fish between the Canal and the Indian Ocean. Imagine the delight when one morning a young would-be professor of zoology raked in one crab and rushed off in a state of excitement to his chief, saying "I say, sir, here's a funny chap."

Then a good many heads would be bent over Neptunus, and he, poor thing, if his memory held, would perhaps think it was beginning all over again and that he would have to start on another journey to get away from the thing they had put on him. Or he may have felt that he was not as young as he was, and been glad to rest. He has no idea that he is a hero.

Some Unanswered Questions

The scientists have learned a great deal from Neptunus, and his name and story will go down in their books for ever, but they cannot tell us all we should like to discover.

We know this is the same crab that was marked 29 years ago, and we know he has done a journey of 101 miles. We shall have to learn a great deal before we know why he set his frail course in that direction, what impulse made him keep to it, whether he travelled alone or with friends who fell by the way. Has he never turned aside in that desert of the sea floor to sojourn a little while? Has he done so much a day, or travelled in spurts, driven by that restless impulse to get to a given journey's end?

If Neptunus had travelled directly and steadily, non-stop, he must have done the journey at the rate of 22 inches an hour, which must be the nearest to moving and being stationary at the same time that most animals can achieve. In comparison with this crab the shell-back snail who, travelling non-stop for four days, can cover a mile, is an express train, and the migrating tern a lightning flash.

In the Fields of the Sky

A baby tern, then a good ball of fluff, was ringed near Scott Head in July, 1929, and found at Port Elizabeth six months later. If some unkind fate had not snapped this frail yet tenacious life the tern would doubtless have returned to the Norfolk breeding-grounds, covering 6000 miles in three months.

We can know to a certain extent what happens to these courageous, marvelously enduring little creatures in the fields of the sky: our airmen have encountered them; they have taken refuge on passing vessels; they have been recovered, dazed and weak, on a sea-lashed rock; but who can tell what may befall a travelling crab on the dark sea floor?

IN MEMORIAM

Hubert the Hippo THE IDIOT WITH THE GUN AGAIN

Hubert the Hippo has ended his long pilgrimage. Some wretched fellow has shot the great and peaceful creature whose name and fame were household words in South Africa.

Poor Hubert's carcass was found floating in the Kilsama River near King William's Town in Natal with two bullets in its head. The assassination must have been deliberate.

The wanderings of Hubert, who now turns out to have been a female hippopotamus, made a tale which travelled far beyond South Africa and found a place in the C.N. a few weeks ago.

South Africa in Mourning

The natives spoke of him almost as a god, or as the reincarnation of some great Chief who was to bring peace and progress to them through his benign presence. Had he not come all the way from Zululand, wandering here and there, harming none, interfering with none, but pursuing his leisurely way for a trek of 400 miles in three years?

Now he has gone, and the natives mourn him. But they hardly mourn the placid old pedestrian more than the rest of South Africa, where she had become a pet and a popular character. The Natal museums are competing for the privilege of mounting the remains.

Poor Hubert! It is a sad fate. No words can be too severe for the idiot who killed him and who must now be shaking in his shoes lest he be found out. But South Africa will preserve Hubert's memory as well as his body, and it is a good thing to know that men can love so strange a beast.

STONE AGE MEN TODAY

An Insect-Collector Meets Them

Some of us wonder what sort of people the Stone Age men really were. There is an English lady who knows. She has sat at their hearths and heard their views of life.

She is Miss L. E. Cheesman, who has lately come back from the New Hebrides, where for two years she has been collecting insects for the British Museum.

The islands lie east of Australia, and the bushmen who live on them have been called Stone Age men. They make their weapons and kill their prey just as their forefathers did before history began. They get their living in the same way and have the same ideas about life. Among them are two cannibal tribes, the small Nambas and Big Nambas of Malekula.

A Cannibal King as Host

Miss Cheesman managed to make friends with the Stone Age men, and then they were very good to her. They guided her through the bush and guarded her camps. Ringapat, king of the Big Nambas, was her host for several days, and made her visit as pleasant as he could, though we cannot imagine that even the bravest stranger could altogether enjoy a visit to a cannibal king.

Once she put her friends to a severe test. She discovered an uncharted mountain and announced that she was going to collect insects on the top of it at night.

The bushmen told her it was a sacred mountain and that a colony of bush devils lived on its slopes; but in spite of their fears they did not desert her when dusk fell upon the mountain.

There is a good deal to be said for the Stone Age man. Through his cooperation the British Museum is richer by an interesting collection of 15,000 insects, and, more important still, Miss Cheesman has returned to us unharmed.

It is sad to learn that these hospitable bushmen are dying out.

THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN

Romance Still on the Sea

Romance still brings up the old windjammer. The Herzogin Cecilie, the four-masted Finnish sailing barque, let drop her anchor at Falmouth after a voyage of 92 days out from Australia.

She is one of the eight big sailing ships which still set their sails on ocean voyaging to compete with steam. This year she beat the other seven, which, like her, bring wheat from Australia, and beat them out of sight. One of them she passed on the way.

Captain Ericksson, who commands her at the age of 27, described the voyage of 15,000 miles as pleasant but uneventful. To a sailorman the more uneventful the pleasanter, and the only exception to that rule was when the Herzogin Cecilie ran into a calm off the Azores which lasted five days. It was then that the Viking, another four-masted barque which also carried wheat and had started three weeks before the Herzogin Cecilie, was sighted and left behind.

Rivalling the Steamship

No one, Captain Ericksson least of all, was surprised, for his ship in favouring winds is almost as fast as the old tea clippers which used to race home from China. One day she made 360 miles, which is more than the average steamship can do on this voyage.

Long may she sail. British seamen may be sorry that there is no British windjammer to compete with her. The last of ours was the Garthpool, wrecked two years ago off West Africa. The others which have made names for themselves and are still sailing are the Pommern and the Archibald Russell, which, in spite of its name, is Finnish owned and manned, like the other two.

If the Herzogin Cecilie, as is promised, fits herself up to take passengers and her example is followed, there might still be a future for these ships, for it is on a sailing ship that the meaning and beauty and peril of the sea can best be experienced.

Picture on page 9

TWO MONKEYS

The Tale of a Pair of Spectacles

If you are short-sighted but want to watch a monkey closely it is better to stand a little way off and look at him through field-glasses than to go very close and peer into his cage.

That is the lesson learned by a visitor to a Paris fair, and as usual he had to pay for his experience—the price of a pair of spectacles.

For the monkey made one grab and seized the glasses on the visitor's nose. He then stuck them on his own nose and looked round proudly. The other monkey in the cage was evidently so much struck by his companion's appearance that he began clamouring for his share.

The spectacled Solomon of a monkey at once solved the problem. He broke the glasses in two, keeping one half and handing the other to his companion.

And the visitor turned sadly away, to see his optician, no doubt, while the monkeys eyed him delightedly through their monocles.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A pair of earrings	£420
Letter by Mary Queen of Scots	£290
A silver porringer, 1658	£255
Napoleon's portfolio	£230
A silver coffee-pot, 1708	£214
Queen Anne walnut stool	£145
Four silver salt-cellars, 1746	£125
Louis XV gold snuff box	£95
George III tea-tray	£49
Edward VI sovereign	£18
Silver taperstick, 1717	£13. 14s

A collection of letters, documents, and pictures dealing with Napoleon, bound in three volumes, was sold for £1200.

A NEW WAY FOR NEW RIVER

Extraordinary Feat

TUBE WITHIN A TUBE

Old Sir Hugh Myddelton would have rubbed his eyes in amazement if he could have seen the strange thing that happened on his New River at Wood Green. The New River is not quite so new as its name suggests, for it was in 1613 that Myddelton's work was finished, and the New River supplied London with drinking water.

Now a Tube railway to Cockfosters is to run under the river at Wood Green at a place where it goes through a tunnel a quarter of a mile long; and before excavations for the Underground Railway can proceed it is necessary to strengthen and reline the old culvert. But the flow of the river cannot be stopped while this is done, and so the engineers have constructed a huge steel tube 96 feet long and weighing 25 tons.

This craft was made airtight so that it would float, was lowered into the river, and was towed through the old tunnel to the section which was to be strengthened. Here it was to be partly submerged and its ends connected with the old tunnel and opened, so that the river will flow through the steel tube while the engineers do what is necessary to the culvert. When the work is finished the steel tunnel will be removed.

Picture on page 9

THE COURAGE IN A WOMAN'S VOICE

A Man Saved From Death

A few words spoken quietly by a woman have saved a man's life.

A window-cleaner in London was outside a window 80 feet above the pavement when the window shut itself and he could not open it.

He reached up to a small window two feet away, hoping to get in by that one, but as he did so the window ledge gave way and he was left hanging by his hands.

For a moment he caught a glimpse of the pavement far below and his courage gave out. Then he heard a woman's voice speaking calmly. It seemed like a miracle, he said, and the sound of that voice gave him fresh courage.

"Hang on, and we'll get a rope," she said. She rang up the fire brigade, and then came and talked to him while the head of her firm put a rope round the man's arm, tying the other end in the room.

He fainted as the fireman caught hold of him from the top of the escape, but was carried down safely and recovered.

It was a fine thing Miss Jarvis did, for it was the courage in her steady voice that gave the window-cleaner the strength to hold on a little longer when he thought he had come to the end.

1000 CROCODILES

Summer Visitors to Paris

Many summer visitors to Paris are on their way. A thousand crocodiles have already arrived.

They have been spending their winter on the Riviera, and now that the warmer weather has arrived they are taking up their residence in the Bois de Boulogne, where a glass house has been built for their accommodation.

They are great travellers. They came from California and Florida, and have already been exhibited at the Berlin Zoo. Five of them measure from 13 to 16 feet and weigh over 600 pounds, while the veteran among them is 70 years old.

They travelled from the Riviera in three closed railway wagons. Five motor-lorries met the train in Paris and took them to their glass house, where the butcher and fishmonger had already been given orders to deliver 600 pounds of meat and fish daily.

THE LOUDEST BELL

Wonder of the Electric Carillon

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE FUTURE

A fascinating picture of the near future was given by Dr Goldsmith, of wireless fame, at the New York Electrical Society the other day, when an electric carillon was shown at work.

A set of quite tiny steel chimes was struck by little electric hammers, the hammers being worked by a miniature piano keyboard. The chimes were so faint that they could only be heard a few inches away; but by means of valves and a loud speaker the sounds, amplified several millions of times, could be heard for miles. The mighty bells of churches and cathedrals will some day be replaced by these tiny machines which can be operated so easily.

Dr Goldsmith's Vision

But the electric carillon paves the way to something affecting us far more closely. A piano keyboard can be made which will produce all kinds of beautiful sounds, and not only can the actual notes be controlled by the keys, but their volume and character also.

The number of notes a musician can play in a second will no longer be limited by the speed of his fingers. He will be able not only to play the melody but to make the sounds produced by any kind of musical instrument.

Dr Goldsmith sees a time coming when a new type of musical composer will arise, realising the character of emotional expression that electric music will possess.

A very uncanny instrument played by Dr Goldsmith during his demonstration was the Theremin, an invention of a Russian scientist, which is played by merely moving the hands backward and forward in front of it.

KUBELIK CALLS

A Broadcast For One

We have already told of Kubelik's scheme for interesting more children in music and of his playing to a thousand young people at Coventry. Now this delightful story of the great fiddler comes to us from Guernsey.

On looking in at the hall where he was to give a concert, Kubelik noticed a microphone being set up by the stage.

"What is this for?" he asked, and was told that his playing was to be broadcast that night—not to the world, but to Miss Lily Sauvarin, who had not been able to leave her room for eight years and had longed to hear him play.

That night Miss Sauvarin lay in bed and forgot for a time the many lonely hours, the pain, and the longing. Kubelik's music filled her room and transformed everything into beauty.

"It Was Wonderful"

There was an interval; the audience in the hall walked about, went to the buffet, and talked, and Miss Sauvarin felt that she was one of them as she drank the coffee and ate the sandwiches brought to her lonely bedside.

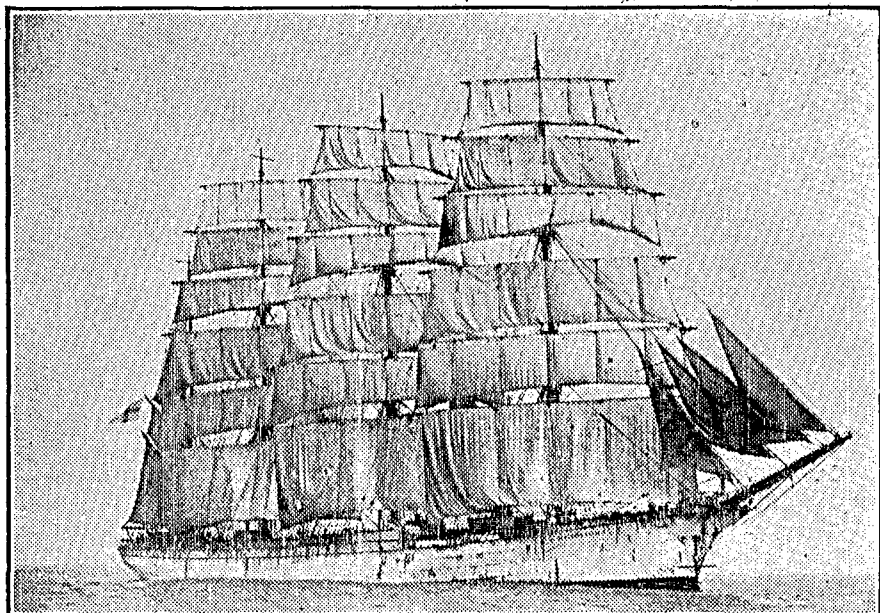
Then she lay back; and again came the sound of Kubelik's fiddle from the hall close by, as if Kubelik himself had been in the room. The concert ended, there was a knock on her door, and Kubelik himself was in the room.

"Was it too bad?" he asked. "It was wonderful," said Miss Sauvarin.

They did not talk much, but it seemed to the invalid that Kubelik's sympathy filled the room as his music had done. Then this small audience presented the great artist with a bouquet—a cyclamen from the plant beside her bed.

That night Miss Sauvarin slept better than she had slept for years. She, too, loves her fiddle, and one of her great longings has been satisfied.

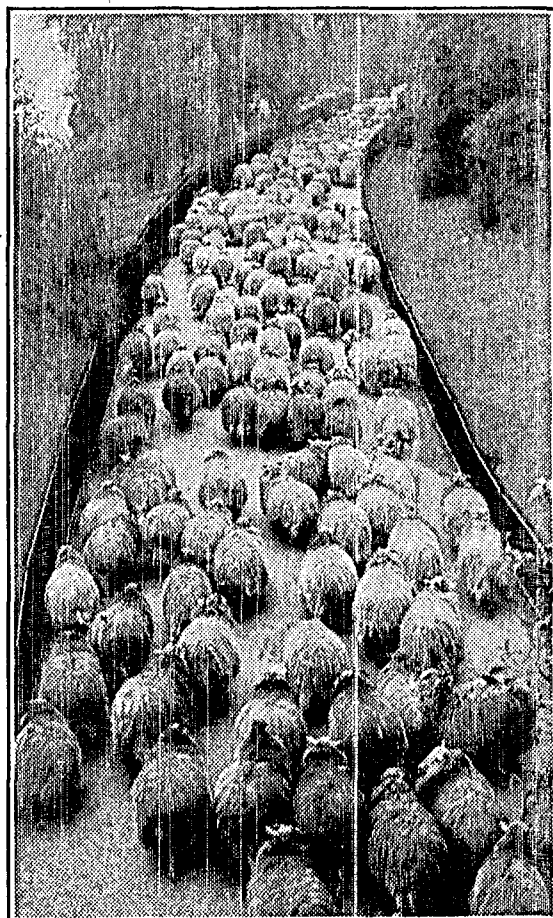
ON FOOT THROUGH ENGLAND · THE WINDJAMMER · TUNNEL IN A TUNNEL



Pride of the Ocean—The Finnish barque Herzogin Cecilie has sailed from Australia to Falmouth, 15,000 miles, in 92 days. Her skipper, Captain Erickson, is only 27. See page 8.



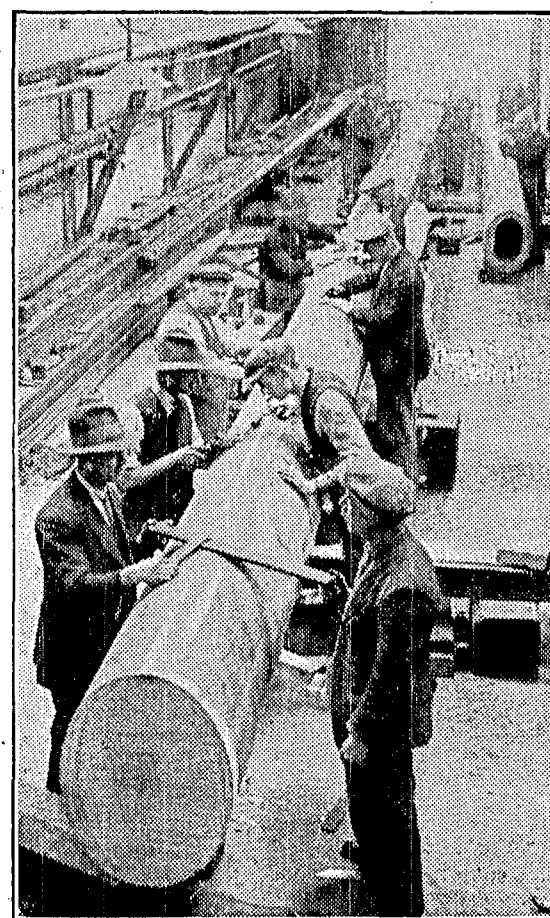
Launching the Lifeboat—The new motor-lifeboat for Hastings was launched there the other day. Men helped the horses to haul it down to the sea, as this picture shows.



Where is This?—It is not a scene in a remote country lane, but in the heart of London. The flock of sheep is seen returning to the fold in Hyde Park.



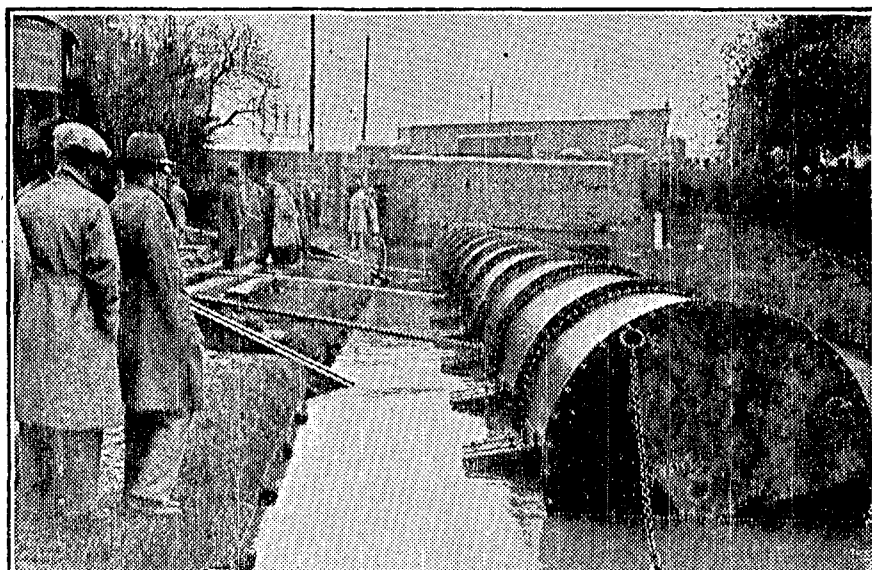
The Walkers—Hiking is going to be one of the most popular pastimes this year. These two members of the Youth Hostels Association agree that it is the best way of seeing England.



Making a Mast—The King's yacht Britannia is being fitted with the biggest hollow mast ever made in this country. 176 feet long, it weighs three and a quarter tons.



The Midday Repast—These girls in the South of France have been cutting asparagus, and are here seen enjoying their lunch after a hard morning's work.



A New Way For New River—Here is the great steel tube which, after being placed inside a tunnel at Wood Green, is temporarily to take the waters of the New River, as told on page 8.

THE GREAT STONE BOOKS

A CHINESE WONDER
How They Kept the Records
of the Golden Age

KIND EMPEROR YAO

From a Travelling Correspondent

I have been to see China's great stone books. What a monument they are to the ingenuity of learned men! And what a lesson on the futility of conceit! Sermons in stones indeed.

It is difficult for us to imagine a man so conceited as the Emperor Chi-hoang-ti, who wanted history to begin with his name, as if the world had been a vacuum until his reign began.

He thought to gain his end by having all books burned, but the scholars outwitted him. They taught the great classics secretly, word by word, to young men; hoping that these men might outlive the tyrant who had burned the records of China's Golden Age—those records of generous government which put his own misdeeds so bitterly to shame that it was small wonder he wanted to be rid of them.

An Inspired Search

The scholars had their wish. Eleven years later the students were able to set to work to write the classics down on tablets of bamboo. But some remembered this way and some that, and arguments arose. They came to the ears of the new Emperor, Hiau Wu, who ordered a new search for old copies of manuscripts buried under floors or tucked between walls.

Lovely tales are told of that inspired search, legends of people being directed to unimagined hiding-places by fairy music and such miraculous happenings.

The task of re-establishing the old texts beyond the shadow of a doubt was long and difficult. When it was at last completed it was decided to put the valued histories for ever beyond the power of vandal emperors. The books were engraved on great tablets of stone. "Printers" were at work on them when I called, taking rubbings of these texts so many centuries old. They coat the stone with black and place huge sheets of soft paper on them which they then tap down. When the paper is peeled off it bears white characters on a black ground.

A Noble Ruler

Here is a translation of one of the passages about a noble ruler of old times, the Emperor Yao:

He was kind as Heaven, wise as the gods. He wore a yellow cap and a dark tunic, and rode in a red chariot with white horses. The eaves of his thatch were not trimmed, and the beams had no ornamental ends. He ate his lentil broth from a clay dish with a wooden spoon. He used no jewels, and his clothes were simple and without variety—in summer a simple garb of cotton, in winter deerskin. Yet he was the richest, wisest, longest-lived, and most beloved of all that ever ruled.

Some of China's finest gentlemen still pattern their lives on that of this beloved ruler, living in the utmost simplicity and devoting their time and thought to the welfare of their people.

I was fortunate enough to have lunch with one such gentleman in Shanghai, a very wealthy man, who set a sumptuous repast before his guest but himself ate only noodles and boiled greens. He wore no stockings, but had felt slippers and simple clothes that looked to me like a grey linen nightgown topped by a black alpaca bed-jacket, and a black skull-cap. His most recent act was to provide a covered runway for a hospital so that poor patients would not have to be exposed to the weather on being returned to their wards after an operation.

An acquaintance told me this; he himself does not speak of such things.

A WEIGHTY PROPOSAL

Raising a Great Hotel

When the chief of the firm of McAlpine and Sons, the building engineers who raised the new Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane almost to Alpine heights, was speaking of the structure he dwelled on its solidity.

He said that the roof of the great ballroom of the hotel was carried right through to the front in one solid block of concrete weighing 4000 tons. Such a burden on the hotel's foundations had been made possible by putting the whole building on a solid base.

If two more floors were called for there would be no need to build them on top. All that would be necessary would be to put hydraulic jacks beneath the foundations and lift the whole solid building, as one might lift a wedding cake with the hand.

This proposal appears fanciful and even jesting, but anything might be possible to the McAlpine workmen, who, in order to get the hotel up in time, themselves got up at three o'clock in the morning and worked in shifts till 11 at night.

VATICAN CITY

Wireless and Coinage

Vatican City has taken two more steps as a temporal power since the Pope used his new wireless station to make his voice heard all over the world.

The Marconi Company at Genoa has received an order from the Pope for a large number of wireless receiving sets of special design. These are to be sent to all cardinals and high officials in every country and to every archbishop. There will be daily broadcasts at specified times from the Vatican station.

Vatican City, which has its own stamps, has now also its own special coinage. The coins have been minted by the Royal Mint in Rome, and are of the same size, weight, and value as the standard Italian coins. The total face value of the nine coins is 118 lire 85 centesimi; and practically the whole of the first issue has been bought up by collectors at 220 lire per set. A new issue is to be circulated, the only difference being that the date will be 1931 instead of 1930.

OUR CHARITIES

Nearly Fifty Thousand

There is one charity for every 700 people in England and Wales. The actual number of charities is 49,349.

One hardly knows whether to rejoice that there should be so much charity in the land or to grieve that there should be so many people in need of it. It warms the heart to know that the charities as a whole are worth over £77,000,000. But we cannot forget that the hospitals still plead for money.

The figures furnish at least one reflection. The greater part of this immense volume of charity comes from people who would most strongly resent the idea that the hospitals, or any other charities to which they give, should profit by gambling or sweepstakes in any form whatever.

The town council of Tain in Ross-shire has refused to allow naval officers to play golf at Tain on Sunday.

Napoleon's sword has been bequeathed to the United Service Institution in Whitehall.

The Firecrest, in which Alan Gerbault sailed alone round the world, is to be presented to the French Naval Academy.

The roof of Cannon Street Station, now being cleaned, covers 85,000 square feet and during the winter two tons of soot accumulate outside.

A FEW MORE TREES FOR LONDON

It Will Be a Lovely Place

Visitors to the British Museum are about to see some changes.

There are people who speak of the museum as the most deadly place on Earth, only made bearable by the presence of a few mummies; and there are others, a large community, to whom it is one of the joys of existence. To all these people the coming change in the museum front will be welcome.

A little grove of almond trees is to appear in the courtyard—sixteen trees planted close to the little low wall that edges the grass plots—and behind the almonds, between the pillars of the colonnade, green bay trees in tubs are to be set. The combination of the two is delightful, as the sturdy bays will form an excellent foil to the fragile loveliness of the almonds.

When the New Leaves Appear

We can never have too many trees in London. Nowhere is Spring so gloriously evident as in the new leaves that appear incredibly green against the grim, grey background of houses and squares. And as the museum façade is one of the grimmest and greyest in London it seems a happy thought to set Spring dancing there.

Almond trees blow long before the planes burst into leaf, and in years to come those delicate blooms will cheer the hearts of thousands of town-dwellers weary of waiting for the Spring.

The museum authorities are very firm on the point that they are not providing a public garden. The courtyard is not a place for loitering, and no seats are to be set in the almond grove; not even special ones, with a ticket, for the privileged.

New Delight for the Birds

There are always plenty of people to criticise the best of improvements, and voices have been raised asking why not chestnuts, that grow great and dignified and cast a deep well of shade. And one busy housewife who finds time now and again to study in the museum has said that the world is already full of temptations, and here is another; for she will be sorely tempted to pluck a leaf of bay in passing to put into that jugged rabbit casserole.

The real museum devotees to be congratulated are the sparrows, starlings, and pigeons who make such a noisy business of going to bed in their eaves above the colonnade. It will be a new sensation for them to have something so delicate and swaying as an almond spray to swing on. They are the privileged ones, with seats on every bough. And, unlike the lady of the bay leaf, if they steal a nut they are not likely to be scolded by the porter.

KEEP YOUR COUNTRY

BEAUTIFUL

Three Problems

To make a modern city beautiful is a difficult task, but it has definition.

To keep beautiful the English countryside, one of the most lovely in the world, is another definite problem.

But we in England have now to face, in addition to these two tasks, a third, which is a blend of both. It often happens that a region which should be thought of as architecturally one is divided between the areas of two separate local authorities. One of these may be enterprising, the other parsimonious. One may not equal the other in public-spirited intelligence. It lies with us as individual citizens, and as citizens working together in societies, to use whatever power of persuasion we have in getting adjacent local authorities to keep step and to share common ideals.

Sir Michael Sadler

SEEING THROUGH A METAL

How It Is Done

NEW DISCOVERY FOR THE ENGINEER

By a Scientific Correspondent

The photography of steel castings, ingots, and other things by means of X-rays has been described in the C.N. and is being regularly applied to the testing of parts for high-speed machinery, aeroplanes, and so on.

Something quite new, however, has cropped up during the past few months; it is the taking of photographs through very thick metal by means of radium. The rays from the most powerful X-ray tube in existence will only penetrate a very few inches of steel, but the gamma rays of radium will go through as much as a foot of steel; and the discovery that the rays, after passing through this amount of metal, will give a well-defined photograph is likely to prove of immense value to engineers.

The Advantages of Radium

One advantage of using radium is that it acts in some way as the early wireless aerials did, sending out rays in all directions. If, therefore, an engineer has a number of castings which he wants to photograph for the detection of flaws, blow-holes, or other defects, he can arrange them in a circle around the piece of radium and take a large number of photographs at a time.

Another great advantage of this new method is that if the castings are extra thick more radium has only to be used to get a photograph in the same time. The strength of the radium is measured in millicuries, and if a photograph can be taken in ten minutes with 10 millicuries it could be taken in one minute with 100 millicuries, and so on.

Beautifully Clear Photographs

The actual time of exposure given on castings of a few inches thickness is fifteen hours, the objects being placed eighteen inches away from the radium, and a photographic plate being placed behind the casting. The photographs obtained are beautifully clear, and enable an expert engineer to diagnose all kinds of faults and troubles and weak spots in the metals examined.

From work done on these new lines by the Navy Department at Washington it appears that there is no limit to the thickness of the metal that can be photographed; the only thing needed is sufficient radium.

R.I.B.A. G.H.Q.

Architects to Have a Good Home

It is almost a hundred years since that splendid body the Royal Institute of British Architects was founded, and the institute is going to celebrate its centenary with a new G.H.Q.

A fine site has been bought at the corner of Portland Place and Weymouth Street, an area of dignified houses with little to perplex the architect in the way of suitability to surroundings.

Now we should see a really fine headquarters for our architects. Thousands of men throughout the Empire will have a chance of the honour of building the new hall, for there is to be a competition open to all members of the R.I.B.A. and its allied and associated societies, which number nearly a hundred. The designs must show the institute's library, meeting-rooms, offices, and a banquet hall.

The competitors have plenty of time, as the last day for sending in the designs is March 31, 1932. After that the work will proceed quickly, for the new headquarters must be ready, down to the last knob, by the end of 1934, the institute's centenary. The difficult task of judging has been given to a jury of five: Sir Gilbert Scott, Mr H. V. Lanchester, Dr Percy Worthington, Mr Charles Holden, and Mr Robert Atkinson.

May 16, 1931

JUPITER'S MOONS A CHANCE TO SEE THEM

Little Comet Passing Near
the Earth

AN UNSEEN VISITOR

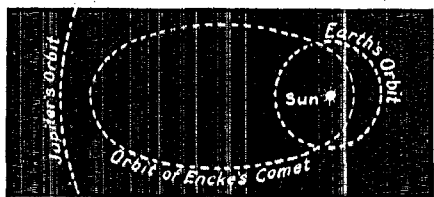
By the C.N. Astronomer

The great world of Jupiter is now sinking lower toward the west, each week setting about 20 minutes earlier.

In about six weeks he will be lost in the glow of the sunset, and his lustrous presence, which has adorned the evening sky all through winter and spring, will have gone until he reappears in August.

Jupiter will be getting less bright with his increasing distance. At present he is about 545 million miles away from us, whereas at the beginning of January he was only 392 million miles away.

On Saturday evening, May 16, about 10 o'clock, all his four Galilean moons will be extended on the right side of the



The orbit of Encke's Comet relative to that of the Earth and of Jupiter

planet's disc, and an interesting spectacle may be seen by those of us who have telescopes.

As Ganymede, or Satellite III as it is usually known, will occupy the outermost position and appear farthest from the planet it will be just possible to get a glimpse of it with good field-glasses if the sky is dark and the night sufficiently clear. Ganymede appears about one-sixth of the apparent width of our Moon away from Jupiter, to the right of and somewhat below him.

On the following Sunday evening Ganymede may also be observed, while by May 19 it may be again perceived with the glasses, but on the left or opposite side of Jupiter and somewhat above him. In the meantime Ganymede will have travelled nearly half-way round Jupiter. To go completely round him takes on an average 7 days, 3 hours, and 42 minutes.

By the next evening, May 20, the crescent Moon will be nearing Jupiter, and on May 21 will be still nearer and brighter, preventing any further observation of the satellites with the glasses.

A Comet Near the Earth

Just now another member of Jupiter's family happens to be near the Earth. This is Encke's Comet; but so far it has not been seen and now is not likely to be before July, owing to its nearness to the Sun, for the Sun's brilliant light makes so faint an object invisible. Unfortunately, when Encke's Comet gets into a good position for observation after June it is expected to be too far south to be seen in this country.

Cometary visitors have been very scarce of late, none having appeared this year, so interest is focused in this little Encke's Comet.

It makes its periodic return in a little under three and a third years, the shortest of any comet known, coming from a region almost as distant as Jupiter and not far from his orbit. It is, in fact, one of Jupiter's family of comets, which approaches very near to the Sun at these intervals. In its journey it passes above the Earth's orbit, and should have been observed early this year through powerful telescopes while doing so. It has created some surprise by not being seen.

Encke's Comet will be at its nearest to the Sun about June 4, after which it will begin its return journey, passing into the southern heavens, where it is hoped that it will be seen as it passes below the Earth's orbit on its way to that of Jupiter.

G. F. M.

THE CHILDREN'S VILLAGE A Marvel of Palestine

If someone asked which is the loveliest village in the world every nation would have a different answer. But nearly everybody will agree that the most wonderful village is Benschemen.

Anyone who visits this village near Lydda in Palestine will be struck by the fact that he sees children working the steam plough, children watering the young crops, children feeding the multitudinous chickens. Everywhere children! Children built it, children work it, children rule it.

But the most wonderful thing of all remains to be told. These children are drawn from a band of outcasts and criminals. Among them are those who were the worst children in the world.

Hunting Like Wolves

After the Russian revolution came famine, epidemics, and massacres of the Jews. Hundreds of children, especially Jewish children, were left orphans and homeless. Most visitors to Russia have written about these homeless children, who hunt for food in packs like wolves, and are the terror of the towns. There was such a band at Kovno. They lived by stealing, and had many vices beside. When the ragged, savage band drew near, people locked their doors and trembled.

The Council of the Jews of Lithuania appealed to Dr Siegfried Lehmann, a great authority on child education. When he had seen the plight of these poor little outcasts he threw up his post in Berlin and decided to devote all his time and money to them.

When they had learned to trust him he pointed out that they would not be cold and hungry if they knew a trade. In order to learn one they consented to go and live in a big building called the Children's House.

No harsh methods were used with these wild children, but they were gently shown how much discomfort bad actions bring on the whole community. As no one was forced to work they looked upon work as a treat. Lessons were good fun. The children gave up bad ways and ruled themselves instead of being ruled.

Then came an offer of land in Palestine. In 1927 Dr Lehmann led his little colony to a bald stretch of earth carrying one house and a ruined factory. What fun they had building houses and chicken-pens! How exciting it was to make the desert blossom like the rose!

At present there are 200 children at Benschemen. They elect leaders, and choose them wisely. Babies between three and six play in the Kindergarten under the care of big children.

Freedom Never Abused

In a few years' time Benschemen will be self-supporting, but at present each child costs much more than he earns, and subscriptions will be thankfully received by their treasurer, M. Gilbert Lévy, 27, Rue Ballu, Paris.

A glorious thing has been done at Benschemen. Rogues have been turned into first-rate citizens simply by giving them liberty and trusting them. They have never abused their freedom. Moreover, in a land where Arabs and Jews are so often at loggerheads these young Jews have made close friends with the neighbouring Arabs, and some Arab children have come to live in the colony.

During the riots at Jerusalem last year the British Government offered to send a guard of sailors to Benschemen, but the children were able to reply that there was no need, because their Arab neighbours would protect them. The children are not only working for themselves, but for peace and Palestine.

There were 668,000,000 telephone calls in London last year.

The number of unemployed in the world is estimated at about 20,000,000, and in Europe at 11,000,000.

A MAN AND HIS BEAUTIFUL THINGS The Harvest of a Quiet Eye

In a Surrey cottage lives a generous benefactor whom Manchester has never seen. But its Whitworth Art Gallery is adorned with drawings and prints which have come to it from him.

The enchanting work of Tom Girtin, the water-colourist who died young and of whom the great Turner said that had he lived he himself would have been hard put to it to make a living, sketches by Gainsborough, by Constable, old Crome, and de Wint have flowed from this generous hand.

Nor have the moderns been forgotten. There are the Frenchmen Degas, Legros, Corot, and even Matisse, drawings by Augustus John, Wilson Steer, and Clausen and Sickert, etchings by D. Y. Cameron, Strang, Muirhead Bone, and James McBey.

But when they are all in a gallery the donor will come neither to see the ceremony nor the collection. He is content to think of all the beautiful things he has given away being there and delighting other eyes than his.

Manchester will not see him, and though he has been giving presents to it for a quarter of a century in an uninterrupted stream he has never been there.

He will not even send his photograph. Was there ever a benefactor so shy, so aloof from advertisement? We hardly like to breathe his name. But it is Mr A. E. Anderson, the most modest man in England.

CLOTHES STILL DEAR Why Is It?

Now that the price of wool has improved a little, although it is still very cheap, we are threatened with even dearer prices for clothes. This is found not a little surprising by the producers of cloth. Thus we find the Bradford Chamber of Commerce Journal, which thoroughly represents the worsted cloth manufacturers, saying:

We find it remarkable that during the whole long period of falling wool prices the attention of the public has not been drawn to the fact that their clothes should be progressively cheaper.

On the contrary, it has been again and again contended that the cost of the wool is so small an element in the price of finished garments that any change on that account would hardly be perceptible. So the retailer gets it both ways.

Nevertheless, we think he would get more of it if he were more readily responsive to the conditions of the time and really attempted to serve an impoverished population with goods within their means.

It certainly is unfortunate that when wool goes down we are told the price of wool matters nothing to the price of clothes, but that as soon as wool goes up we are told it matters a great deal.

LOOK AND SEE

Pocket Lens Plant Lore. By James Small. 700 illustrations. Churchill, 5s.

There are still some left who, when they walk in the country, choosing to walk rather than to ride, stop and look at the fields and ponds and hedges for what they may find there.

Dr Small tells them how they may improve their knowledge and acquaintance of buds and stems and leaves, of the flowers that come in April or the leaves that fall in October, by spying them out with a pocket magnifying-glass. A whole new world is revealed by the lens.

Our grandfathers, and our fathers too, were fonder of doing this than the generation which has inherited the bicycle and the camera and now is going faster still with the motor-car. But there are still some to stop, look, and see by the way-side, and to them Dr Small points out a fascinating pursuit.



Health in every Home

IN millions of homes in every part of the world "Ovaltine" is the daily food beverage for Health, Strength and Vitality.

"Ovaltine" is a pure, natural product. Its ingredients are acknowledged to be the best that Nature can provide—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk, specially selected eggs and cocoa. The health-giving nourishment they so richly supply is extracted, concentrated and presented as a delicious and easily digested food beverage which contains, in correct proportion, all the food elements essential to health.

Every particle of "Ovaltine" is nourishment. One cupful contains more nutriment than 3 eggs or 12 cupfuls of beef tea. And the prices at which "Ovaltine" is sold render it the most economical form of concentrated nourishment obtainable.

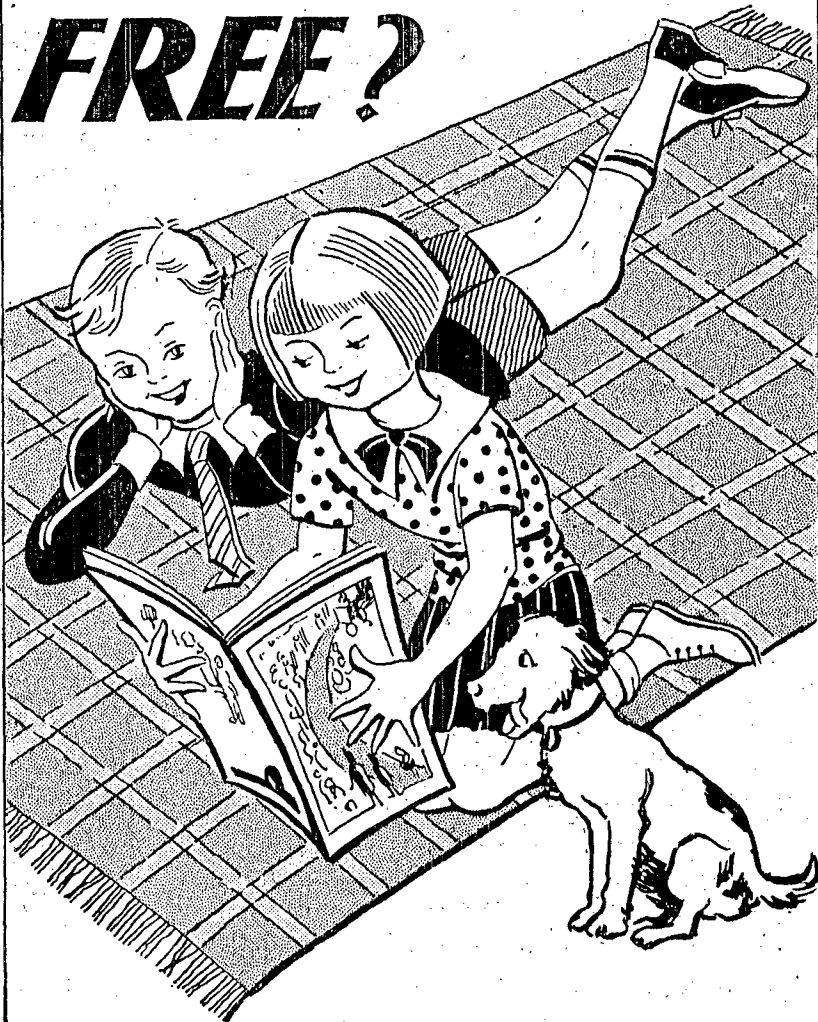
Every member of every home—young and old alike—should drink this incomparable and delicious food beverage in place of tea, coffee and other meal-time beverages. Drink it also last thing each night to ensure unbroken and refreshing sleep.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/3, 2/- and 3/9 per tin.

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS LOVELY STORY-BOOK FREE?



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO- IS TO FILL IN THIS COUPON

and post it to us, and in return the postman will bring you a lovely Story Book entitled: **"ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF THIRST."** It is written by Ellen Roper, the popular writer of children's stories, and there are more than **20 illustrations** in beautiful colours. And what funny people there are in this book! They will amuse grown-ups and children alike with their exciting adventures. There's Montserrat Major and Montserrat Minor and Mrs. Wotsername of Thingummy Street and. . . . but just fill in the coupon and you can read all about them yourself.

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THE TEA PUZZLE Why Is It Not Cheaper?

We have received a number of interesting communications with regard to an article we printed not long ago on the Great Tea Puzzle.

Unfortunately, no one has explained why, when the average price of all the tea brought in is as low as 1s 1d or 1s 2d, more cheap tea is not on sale.

One correspondent goes so far as to tell us that no one will drink cheap tea. He says that even workmen know better than to drink it. But, if that is so, *what becomes of the cheap tea?*

A Matter of Simple Arithmetic

Every schoolboy and schoolgirl knows that when you have millions of pounds of tea and the average price is only 1s 1d or thereabouts, as the tea auction reports show, there can be very little high-priced tea sold at the auctions. If a considerable part of the tea auctioned were dear tea the average price would be high and not low. This is a matter of the very simplest arithmetic, which a child can understand. The auction prices are clear proof that the great bulk of the tea we consume comes into the country cheap.

Moreover, tea has fallen greatly in price, yet in the shops we are charged the same prices.

We gladly tell our readers what the retail profit on tea is. To take an actual case of packet tea, the shopkeeper pays 1s 6d for what he sells for 2s, and 2s 1d for what he sells at 2s 4d. These are not by any means extravagant margins of retail profit, and it remains to ask why the shopkeeper who sells packet teas cannot obtain his teas more cheaply.

The Producer's Despair

Further evidence is afforded by the reports of the tea-producing companies of India and Ceylon, in which countries is produced the greater part of the tea which is sold in our shops. They report heavy losses, and the value of their shares has fallen heavily.

Thus at the very time when we are still paying high prices for tea the producers of the high-priced tea are getting rubbishy prices. This ought not to be, and the matter is one for serious inquiry.

Obviously, if the price of tea were reduced in the shops more would be sold, and thus relief would come to our imperial producers of tea who are in such sore straits.

TO THOSE WHO WOULD PLAY CRICKET

What Great Cricketers Say

Alcohol, as we are so often saying, is bad for all of us, and these opinions of great cricketers about it have been sent to us.

From Sutcliffe the great batsman

Intoxicants are no use whatever in training. They take away stamina and make one unfit for strenuous games.

From Macartney, Australian all-rounder

I won my way to first-class cricket at 27 and have maintained my place for 17 years, and I owe this largely to the fact that I have always been a total abstainer.

From Woodfull the Australian

Throughout my cricket career I have never taken alcohol. To my mind no man in health needs it, and no man for long has tampered with it without being weakened.

From Arthur Malley the bowler

If a boy wishes to excel in any sport it is necessary that he should be fit mentally and physically. It is therefore imperative that he should abstain from alcohol.

From Don Bradman

Leave strong drink alone. It interferes with one's condition. Abstinence is a big factor in success.

THE RICH MAN AND THE CLOCK

TALE OF A MILLIONAIRE

A Yorkshire Carpenter and the Time at Sea

JOHN HARRISON'S VICTORY

One day early in the nineteenth century a bronzed sailorman marched up to the offices of John Jacob Astor in New York and asked to see that great man.

Of course Mr Astor would see Captain Cowman at once. Did he not call Cowman his King of Captains?

Astor, who had once been a poor German emigrant selling cakes in the streets, was now one of the richest merchants in the world, with a fleet of ships fetching goods across the Earth for him, but of all his captains Cowman was the best.

And what did Cowman want?

A chronometer, to help him on the long voyage to Canton to buy tea.

The Captain Flared Up

The rich old merchant shook his head. A chronometer, he said, would cost five hundred dollars.

Captain Cowman said he could make the voyage more quickly with such an aid to navigation, but Mr Astor retorted that Captain Cowman had managed very well without one before. Then the King of Captains flared up, and said he would serve Mr Astor no more.

When Mr Astor's ship sailed Captain Cowman sailed too, but on another ship and for another master. He got to Canton first, did his business, and brought his cargo of tea back to New York several days before Mr Astor's ship returned. The market was glutted before Mr Astor could begin to sell his tea.

One day the merchant met the sailor in the street, and going up to him said frankly: "You were right, Cowman. Seventy thousand dollars I lost for that chronometer."

Carpenter and Scientist

We are reminded of this story by the news that John Harrison's third marine timekeeper has been set going again at Greenwich Observatory.

John Harrison was a Yorkshire carpenter with no training in clock-making, but he was fired by the British Government's offer of £20,000 for a machine which should keep time at sea with sufficient accuracy to allow of determining a ship's longitude.

That was in 1714. Sir Isaac Newton said that "a Watch to keep time exactly hath not yet been made . . . by reason of the Motion of the Ship, the Variation of Heat and Cold, Wet and Dry, and the Difference of Gravity in different latitudes."

"There!" said the professional horologists, "you can see from Sir Isaac's saying that it is impossible to make a watch which will keep exact time at sea."

How Great Conquests Are Made

But the Yorkshire carpenter set to work, and succeeded as nearly as possible after fifty years' patient toil. His fourth timekeeper was finished in 1760, when he was 67, and then came thirteen years of tests and delays. Harrison did not receive the final instalment of his prize till he was 80. He died three years later.

His four complicated machines had stood idle at Greenwich Observatory till in 1920 Commander Rupert Gould, who has written the standard book on the marine chronometer, volunteered to clean, repair, and set them going. It took him four years to do the first, second, and fourth, but he has spent nearly seven years on the third.

It took Harrison 17 years to make, and he had the courage to set it aside almost at once and begin making the fourth timekeeper. Thus only are great conquests made

IT IS THE WILL OF GOD

ON the door of a room in the General Electric Company's works in New York is this exciting invitation:

*Dr W R Whitney
Director of Research
Come In, Rain or Shine*

Somebody was at this door the other day and, rain or shine, he went in and had a talk with Dr Whitney. This is from what he sends to the New York Times about his talk.

"We have discovered that the deficiencies in our grasp of electricity are so many that one hesitates to claim that we know anything fully," said Dr Whitney. "However, it is pretty clear today that, no matter what electricity is, it seems to be the ultimate essence of what everything is made of and by which most processes occur."

"And that ultimate essence itself?" I asked.

Unproven Theories

"We have our theories," answered the scientist, "but can't prove them." He picked up from his desk a small bar magnet. "Bring this near a steel needle and the needle will leap to the magnet. No one knows why, but we have worked out elaborate explanations. We speak of lines of force, we draw a diagram of the magnetic field. We know there are no lines there, and 'field' is just a word to cover our ignorance."

He laid the magnet over a wooden base in which was embedded another bar magnet, and the upper magnet floated in space about half an inch above the base.

"What supports it? Sir Oliver Lodge says it is the all-pervading ether. But Einstein denies that there is any ether. Which is right? I say that the magnet floats in space by the will of God. The magnet repels another magnet by the will of God. And no man today can give a more precise answer."

What is Light?

"What do you mean by the will of God?" I asked.

"What do you mean by light?" shot back the scientist. "A beam of light comes speeding from a star, travelling hundreds of years, and finally it reaches your optic nerve and you see the star. How does it do that? We have our corpuscular theory of light, our wave theory, and now our quantum theory, but they are all just educated guesses. About as good an explanation as any is to say that light travels by the will of God."

"The best scientists," he added, "have to recognise that they are just kindergarten fellows playing with mysteries—our ancestors were and our descendants will be."

"Then there is a limit to what we can know?"

"It seems so. We move from one theory to the next and always there is something that does not fit in with the other evidence. Take the atom. Yesterday it was whirling particles, infinitesimal solar systems. But that is outmoded now; today the atom is described as a wave in space. Tomorrow

it will be something different. The theory of relativity is not final. It won't stand fixed. No scientific concept can stand still. All is in motion. The will of God, the law which we discover but cannot understand or explain—that alone is final."

Pushing the magnet to one side of his desk Dr Whitney went on in his quick way: "We are lamentably bound by words. A word rarely fits the exact thought. And what I mean by a word is rarely what you mean." And he told this story.

A Government bureau in Washington asked the laboratory to undertake certain experiments. It wanted to know how insects react to an atmosphere of hydrogen, to a vacuum, and to high-frequency radiation. Dr Whitney agreed to make the tests. A cage full of cockroaches arrived as subjects, and the director called in one of his laboratory staff—a man of acute mathematical mind—and outlined to him the first experiment.

"But you know they can't live in hydrogen, don't you?" responded the other.

"No," answered Dr Whitney. "I've never tried the experiment."

The Goldfish Experiment

"But it's well known that nothing can live without oxygen," exclaimed the acute mathematical mind.

"Have you heard of the goldfish experiment?" rejoined Dr Whitney. "The fish were frozen into a cake of ice, left there some time, finally thawed out, and they swam away."

"Oh, no doubt—a case of suspended animation."

That was his word for it.

Dr Whitney went to another of the staff with the second experiment. The response here was: "Of course they'll die in a vacuum—no oxygen."

"I have never experimented with cockroaches," patiently explained the director, "but I know this: I have some turtles on my farm. They go down in the mud in September, the mud freezes solid, and they don't come up until May. How can they live?"

"Easy—a case of hibernation."

And this was his word for it.

A Cockroach in a Vacuum

"I confess I had doubts of the worth of the experiment myself," related Dr Whitney, "but I was under promise to go through with it. I put a cockroach into a glass tube, sealed the tube, and then pumped until it was as near a vacuum as I could get. The insect dropped and lay still, surely dead. After a minute I opened the tube; he picked himself up and ran away. I tried the experiment again, increasing the time to two minutes, five minutes, and finally to a full hour. In each case the cockroach died and came to life."

"Now here we were," exclaimed the experimenter, his brown eyes twinkling behind their rimless spectacles, "three highbrows, all ignorant, but we had the words all right."

TOO MUCH COTTON

THE curious position of the world in having an enormous productive power which cannot be utilised is particularly illustrated by the cotton trade.

Cotton cloth of some sort is required in every country, whatever the climate. It is not like fur, or leather, or wool, which are hardly needed in some countries save in small quantities. The people of all lands, whether tropical or temperate or cold, can and do use and require great quantities of cotton goods.

It comes to this, that of the 2000 million people in this world each one is, or should be, a good customer of the cotton industry.

Yet this remarkable paradox comes about, that we find American writers begging the cotton planters to reduce their acreage, while in each cotton

country the cotton machinery is partly or largely idle. One American article before us has a heading "Why plant cotton at fifteen cents when it can be bought at eleven?" And there we have it! The sudden fall in wholesale prices has thrown things so much out of gear that producers do not know what to do. They are baffled because the world's exchange system has not accommodated itself to the world's increased powers of production.

Man has learned how to grow plants easily; he has learned how to transport goods easily; he has learned how to manufacture goods easily.

What he has not yet learned is to devise a form of money which will enable producers the world over to exchange their productions easily with each other.

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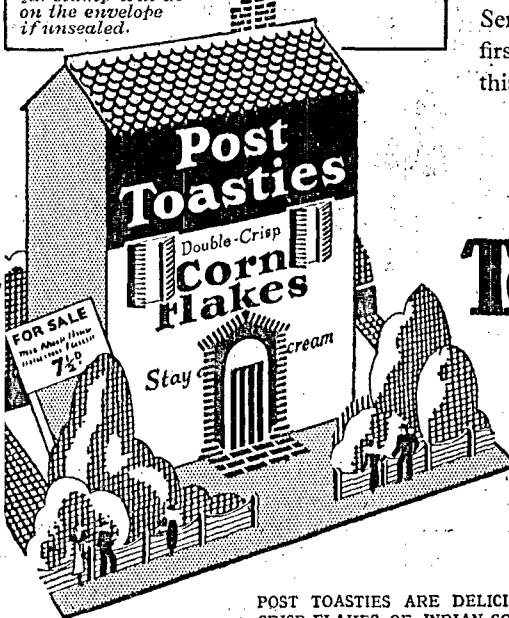
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THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Mark Trytton was expelled from Sandhill the term before his young brother arrived at the school.

But only Mark and one or two others knew the facts: most people thought he left because he had failed to get his remove.

Trytton Junior was one of them. He came to the school with not a care in the world—and a very keen sense of fun.

He quickly makes a friend; and a bitter enemy.

CHAPTER 11

Something Brewing

TRYTTON stared at Gosling. But Gosling had turned his back, and just then the queue began to move forward as someone who had been taking the cobbler a long time finished and made way for the others.

Later Trytton gave Dumph a hand with his fifty-nine lines.

"You're a guffins, Dumph," he said cheerfully, "to suppose for an instant that you could kick my property about and get away with it. It was asking for trouble." "And you," said Dumph, "are asking for trouble from Gosling. Why don't you appease him?"

"Appease him!" laughed Trytton. "I've been doing nothing else, Dumph. If I'd liked I could have put him on his back for knocking my boots out of my hand in the way he did." His eyes were dancing. "Don't you forget my jiu-jitsu."

They had the room to themselves, but the door was wide open. Dumph shot an uneasy glance at Trytton's face, and leaning nearer he seemed about to say something in a whisper when they heard a footstep coming along the corridor. Dumph stopped himself and drew farther away.

It was Hammond who came. He glanced at them and went on. Then someone else approached, whistling. Dumph sat and frowned. When all at once, with the gesture of one who makes up his mind, he went to the door, shut it, and came back to Trytton.

His eyes fell. "Listen, Trytton," he muttered uncomfortably. "If I tell you something you won't repeat it to Gosling?" "Let out that you told me? Not if you don't want me to."

"All right. I'll trust you. For I'm sorry I spread that yarn, Trytton," Dumph went on in the same hoarse, embarrassed mutter. "Then, listen. Gos has backed himself with a lot of them to make you sing small tonight before the whole day-room."

"Sing small?" "Yes, to make you sing small," Dumph drew a great breath. "There! It's off my chest," he exclaimed. "Gos thinks he'll surprise you."

"That's why you've given me the tip?" "Yes," said Dumph. "So look out, Trytton."

"This evening, you say?" "Yes, this evening."

"When?" "After Prep." Perhaps Dumph thought he might as well go the whole hog now.

"You see," he went on, "when we come out of Prep at half-past eight we'll all be in the day-room till we go up to bed. If I were you I'd invent some excuse or other for going up to the Matron directly after Prep, and I'd hang about in her room till bedtime."

"Why?" said Trytton. Dumph gaped. "To escape Gos!"

"But suppose I don't want to escape him?"

"Oh, you don't understand," Dumph said earnestly. "Gosling is going to get you into a corner and then spring something on you. I don't know what it is, Trytton, but he's got something up his sleeve, and he told us to watch your face when he said something to you—"

"To watch my face?"

"He meant that he'd crumple you up, Trytton. And if I were you I wouldn't let him have the chance. Because he's the one who'll look small if you give him the go-by. But, don't," Dumph repeated with an imploring look, "let out I told you."

"You haven't told me what he's got up his sleeve?"

"I haven't any idea."

"Nor I," Trytton laughed. "But it's some silly trick or catch, I suppose, meant to make me look a fool—"

"He said 'sing small,'" put in Dumph. "He means more than that."

"Well, let him!" said Trytton lightly. He finished the imposition and passed it to Dumph. "There! That Pre won't spot my writing," he smiled. "I've made it all upstrokes like yours, Dumph. I say? Who was the Pre?"

"It was Izard, the chap whose study Gosling fags."

"Oh, my brother used to knock about with him, didn't he?"

"A bit, I think. He was made a House prefect this term. Though no one knows why exactly. They say that he wangled it. Izard was always a pretty useful bird at doing a wangle."

"Well we've wangled him this time all right with these lines," Trytton rose and stretched himself. "I'll just have time," he said, "to look in at the gym before tea." He gave Dumph a nod, but stopped at the door for an instant. "Oh, and thanks, Dumph," he uttered.

He left Dumph gazing thoughtfully at the lines. But Dumph's thoughts were not with them, his thoughts were with Trytton and then back again with himself. He was wondering whether he had yielded too much to impulse in warning Trytton of Gosling's intention? For supposing Gos discovered he had been given away he wouldn't take long in discovering the donor as well; in which case Dumph could see himself coming off badly.

So first he hoped that Trytton would keep away after Prep. And then he hoped that he wouldn't.

And so Dumph's mind swung to and fro and blew hot and cold on the wisdom of what he had done, till he worked himself up to a state of acute apprehension and went into tea feeling very uneasy indeed.

He started when Gosling spoke to him at the tea-table. He started when he heard Trytton's sudden laugh ring. He looked at Bonner solidly munching away, and at Pickles earnestly scraping a potted-meat tin, but he was conscious of a certain suppressed excitement with which the rest seemed waiting for something to happen.

But nothing would happen at Prep. They knew that. It was after Prep, Gosling had said. To which meditation Dumph straightway added another, namely: that one person, at any rate, whose name began with a D, would give the day-room a jolly wide berth after Prep. Not all his curiosity should force him there. Then he couldn't be called upon to take sides if a

row started. Yes, the farther he was off the safer he'd be.

But, all the same, he did wonder what was brewing.

CHAPTER 12

Gosling

So did Trytton, although in no way alarmed. But he would take his time after Prep in returning to the day-room to give them all time to assemble, he reflected derisively. So instead of rushing back with his books, as he generally did, he meandered up to the Matron and asked for a postage stamp; and having been told by that good lady, as he expected, that stamps were given out after tea and no other time—No other time whatsoever, on any excuse, Trytton—he helped her for a few minutes to wind up a bandage that Blundell Minimus had no further use for, and then, when her clock showed twenty minutes to nine, which would leave Gosling a good half-hour for the entertainment, he descended without haste but in some mild excitement, passed his hand through his shock of hair and entered the room.

They were all sitting round, and they all looked up as he entered. And all kept so queerly silent when Gosling's voice came.

"Here you are, old boy," he cried with a great show of heartiness. "We were just talking about you. How are your boots?"

Gosling was leaning against the hot-water pipes at the far end, with his legs planted wide apart and his hands in his pockets.

"My boots!" echoed Trytton, crossing the room to his locker and putting his work away. "My boots? Oh, they're fine, thanks." He closed the locker door and turned round toward Gosling.

"I'm glad of that," smiled Gosling. "I thought they were cut, perhaps. I was just telling the chaps how your brother's boots went through a window once—"

"All right," Trytton interposed. "I should think boots were stale now."

"Yes, but your brother isn't. We often talk about him. You swank about him, too, don't you, Trytton, sometimes?"

Trytton burst out laughing.

"What an ass you are, Gosling! Have I ever swanked, as you call it, about my brother to you? But if I had why shouldn't I swank about him if I chose to? My brother's a pretty good chap—"

JACKO FALLS THROUGH

WHEN Jacko's mother sent him to order half a ton of coals he went off willingly. He had hardly got home when the van drove up to the door.

"This your coal plate?" asked the man, staring at one just under his nose. "Yes," said Jacko, without paying much attention. "Heave 'em in."

The man calmly unfastened the chain.

He rushed into the house. Mother Jacko met him on the doorstep.

"Your little boy's fallen down the coal-hole, ma'am," he gasped.

Mother Jacko threw up her hands.

"But that's not my coal-hole," she said. "It belongs to the people next door! . . . Are you hurt, Jacko?" she called out, running down the path.



The answer was a yell

and began lifting down the sacks, one by one, and emptying them into the cellar.

"I'll clear up the mess when you've finished," volunteered Jacko.

"I don't want any of your cheek," said the man.

Jacko looked hurt, but decided to forgive him. "How many sacks go to a ton?" he asked.

"Count 'em," growled the man.

Jacko proceeded to do so.

"Eight in the van," he announced, hopping round cheerfully.

"Look out!" warned the coal man.

The answer was a yell. He looked up to see Jacko disappearing through the open coal-hole.

"Get me out," roared Jacko.

"Get yourself out," said the coal man.

"What's wrong with the cellar door?"

"It's locked," said Jacko.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" moaned his mother. "And the people are away! Whatever shall we do?"

"Throw me down a hammer," cried Jacko, suddenly cheering up. "I'll make this old door look silly."

There was nothing else to be done. But he looked rather silly himself when, after a series of crashes that shook the house, he finally appeared, black as soot, at the front door.

And when his father came home he looked sillier still.

"Who said he wasn't?"

"Very well, then. I can talk about him if I like, can't I? And I shall talk about him as much as ever I do like." Trytton was laughing still, but his eyes never left Gosling's face. What did this silly idiot suppose he was driving at?

"Bad luck on your brother, wasn't it, Trytton, being superannuated?"

"You know it was. Everyone says it was," Trytton replied.

"You miss him?"

"I wish he was here."

"I guess he does himself."

"Well, of course, you don't suppose he liked being superannuated."

"No," said Gosling very slowly. "I don't. It's a jolly long word, isn't it—superannuated?"

"I didn't invent the word."

"No; all the schools use it. Sent away because you can't get your remove. That's what it means, Trytton."

"I know that as well as you do."

And during these exchanges no one else spoke; but first they kept looking at Gosling, then back at Trytton.

"I wonder, Trytton, if you know it as well as I do?" Gosling's voice was changing, faintly but palpably.

"Know what?"

"What superannuated means always. Always. In every case, Trytton. In every case."

With a yawn Trytton went to the table and took up a magazine. If this was all the ass Gosling wanted to spout about he could spout away to himself. He wasn't worth answering.

"In your brother's case, for instance?" Trytton looked up from the magazine.

"What did you say, Gosling?"

"You're not deaf, you heard perfectly well what I said."

"But it didn't make sense," Trytton shrugged.

"You don't think so?"

"No."

"Well, put that magazine down and I'll tell you."

"Thanks, I'd quite as soon read. Your twaddle bores me stiff. I think you're rather a—"

There Trytton stopped short with a frown. He had just stopped himself from saying, "You're rather a fraud, Gosling. I thought that you were going to make me sing small. But instead of making me sing small or sing anything else you're only trying to chip me about my brother because he couldn't manage to scrape his remove. Only just stopped himself in time from giving Dumph away. And that would never do. He mustn't give Dumph away."

"Oh!" challenged Gosling. "Oh! And what am I?"

"Anything you like, Gos," Trytton returned.

"What were you going to say I was?" Gosling demanded.

Trytton flicked the magazine aside. "Oh, dry up!" he growled. And then he looked at the others as though suggesting they'd all had enough of it. But every eye in the room was fastened on Gosling.

Gosling came from the wall and stood against Trytton. The fingers of his left hand tapped on the table. He waited, waited deliberately, without a word, but tapping the table to gather all Trytton's attention.

At last, "What were you going to call me, Trytton?" he repeated.

"A fraud!" said Trytton, and brought it out with a bang. "A fraud! And I'll tell you why, Gosling. At the beginning of the term you swore you'd make me feel sorry. You kicked up a great dust about making me feel sorry. But all you've done is to make me wonder why you exist." His temper had come to the top. Then as fast as it had burst into flame it died out. "That's why you're a fraud," he said in a matter of fact tone, "and now I vote we talk about something else. That is, if your throat isn't sore. I know mine is."

If any compunction had remained with Gosling it went then. "I'm a fraud, am I? A fraud," he said, stressing the word.

"Perhaps not the only fraud. What about your precious brother?"

"About my brother?"

"Your precious brother," sneered Gosling. They could see Trytton's Adam's apple working up and down in his throat, as it often did when he grew excited. He sprang to his feet.

"I don't know why," he exclaimed, "you keep harping upon my brother, but you shan't talk about him in that tone."

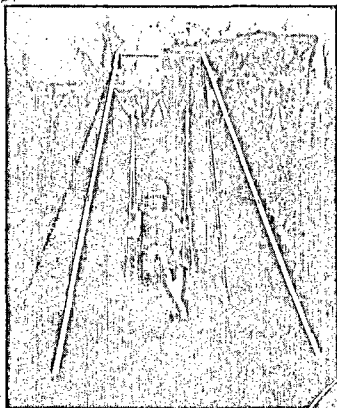
"Your brother was superannuated, wasn't he, Trytton?"

"I know he was."

"Well, he wasn't. He was expelled."

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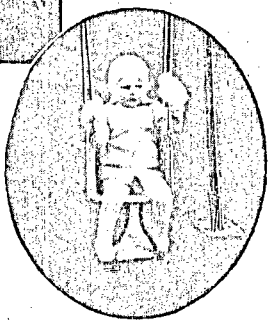
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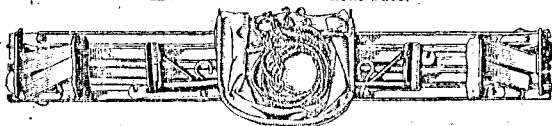
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A MAN WHO DREAMED A DREAM AND BROUGHT IT TRUE

THERE is a green hill far beyond the sunset of our Western isles where sleeps a man who dedicated the sanctuary of the hill and all its beauty to the delight of all who should follow after him.

He was Edward Bok, a Dutch boy who became a great American editor and who chose this way, toward the close of an industrious and influential life, of realising for the delight of others the ideal of a beauty he had always sought for himself.

Read in the new number of My Magazine this story of a dreamer who went to France to see the Great War, and dreamed a dream of Peace and made it true.

Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

June Issue

One Shilling

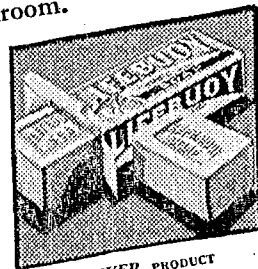


"Come on, Bill," said Joan, "let somebody else get at the wash-basin. Anybody could have washed three times by now." "Well," said Bill, "why shouldn't I wash three times if I want to? Don't you know Lifebuoy Soap helps to stop you catching things, and I'm not running any risks now I'm in the cricket team. The doctor told me about it, and he ought to know." The doctor was right too. The dirt and dust that you can't help get-

ting on your hands all through the day always harbour germs. Infectious diseases that might put you out of action for months are often caught this way. But Lifebuoy's health element deals with this danger. Anybody who plays games ought to have this extra safeguard to perfect fitness. Use Lifebuoy thoroughly two or three times every day. You'll like its fresh smell and its creamy lather. Get your mother to keep some always in the bathroom.

LIFEBUOY

is more than a good soap
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A LEVER PRODUCT

"HELP! HELP!"

Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food, or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Anything will be gratefully received by

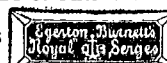
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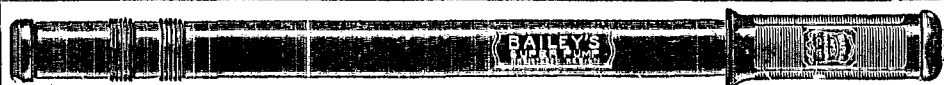
to children of poverty from slum homes of East London's Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to—The Rev. F. W. CHUDLEIGH,

EAST END MISSION Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

For Children just learning to read

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Celluloid covered 15 x 7 in. With Steel Lining 2/3 each. With Aluminium Lining 2/6 each. The Metal Linings are solid drawn from a Metal Blank, cartridge fashion. Cannot warp.

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Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.P. PEN with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 16, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

At the Baker's

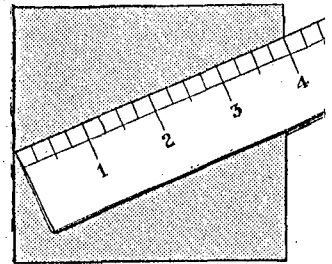
A LADY who was to give a party went to the baker and bought cakes at 1s 4d each, pastries at 2d each, and biscuits at 1d each. Altogether she chose twenty articles, and her bill came to 6s 8d.

How many cakes, pastries, and biscuits did she buy?

Answer next week.

Easy Dividing

SOMETIMES when it is wished to divide a board, a sheet of paper, or any material into equal parts it proves an awkward business owing to the fact that odd measurements make the



object hard to divide. Here is a hint which will prove very useful at such times.

Suppose that a board which is under four inches has to be divided into four equal parts. Hold the ruler obliquely across the board so that it measures four inches from edge to edge. Then make a mark at each inch. These marks divide the board equally. On this principle all sorts of widths can be simply divided.

A Pictorial Acrostic

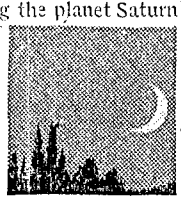


FIND the four words represented by these pictures and write them one under another in such order that the initials and the initials spell the names of an emblem and the thing on which it is usually seen.

Answer next week.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Thursday, May 21.



Where Is It?

IN the eyes but not in the mouth, In the West but not in the South, In the tight but not in the loose, In the fruit but not in the juice, In the zest but not in the joy, In the men but not in the boy, In the hour but not in the day, In the will but not in the way, In the lake but not in the pool, In the line but not in the rule, In the drama but not in the plays, My whole is a land for holidays.

Answer next week.

Folklore of the Cuckoo

ALMOST all over Europe there are strange ideas and superstitions about the cuckoo. The first to hear the call of the cuckoo in a village is said to be promised a long life. In the case of a maiden a speedy marriage is indicated. When cuckoos call loudly it is said in many places that before long there will be a thunderstorm. Then there is the old idea that in

the winter cuckoos turned into hawks. Of course this is not true, for the birds fly away to the South when cold weather threatens. Probably the idea arose owing to the resemblance of the cuckoo to a hawk when it is on the wing.

Mistakes of the Great

SOME of W. S. Gilbert's most popular operas were written in six weeks, but one of his plays took a year. It was called Brantingham Hall; he wanted it to be his very best work, and for this reason he took great pains in writing it.

To Gilbert's chagrin the play was a hopeless failure, being hissed off the stage on the first night.

Ici On Parle Français



La banquette Le trèfle Le buisson
La balle roule dans la banquette.
Les fleurs du trèfle sont sucrées.
Elle s'est cachée dans un buisson.

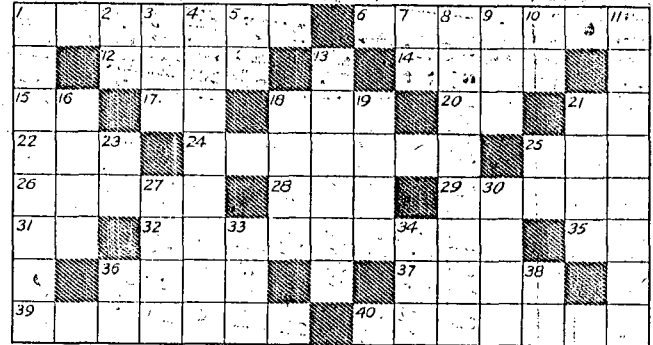
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Diagonal Acrostic
LITERARY
CARRIAGE
NEBULOUS
TROUBLED
FLOURISH
RAILINGS
CONTINUE
PLATFORM

A Charade
Thames.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 45 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Vesicles of water inflated with air. 6. Distinctive. 12. A luscious fruit. 14. Nine inches. 15. April. 17. French for of the. 18. Salt water. 20. Pronoun. 21. Britain's sea forces. 22. A proverb. 24. Recompenses. 25. A sack. 26. A landscape. 28. Altitude. 29. Belonging to them. 31. Denotes coincidence. 32. In an ardent manner. 35. Chemical symbol for sodium. 36. Facts. 37. Marries. 39. Depart from the main subject. 40. An ornament.

Reading Down. 1. An arm badge. 2. The Chief Scout. 3. Place for rest. 4. One crowned with laurel. 5. Symbol for King Edward. 7. Postscript. 8. Letters. 9. A feline. 10. Within. 11. Pieces of iron bound together and fired from guns. 13. Ship engaged in seal-fishery. 16. A contract. 18. A long-necked swimming bird. 19. Branches of learning. 21. Drops of water. 23. You and me. 25. To become. 27. Close to. 30. A portion of land. 33. Royal Astronomical Society. 34. One and another. 36. By the Grace of God. 38. Saint.

Dr MERRYMAN

Accomplished

MISTRESS (hearing a crash of crockery in the kitchen): Norah, what on earth are you doing?

Maid: I am doing nothing, ma'am; it's done.

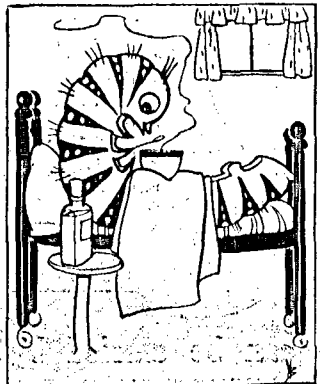
Suggestion

THE notice in the jeweller's shop window said that the displayed gems were protected by an invisible ray. This caused crowds to collect and the windows of a rival establishment to be neglected.

Next day the manager of the opposition set up a notice in his window. This is what the notice said: "On this pedestal stands the biggest invisible diamond in the world."

The crowd came right enough.

An Awkward Patient



THERE once was a very fat grub who fell in a rainwater tub. So they put him to bed. With a cold in his head, Where he stayed while his chest had a rub!

Spoiling the Meal

THE diner was not looking very happy.

"Everything quite satisfactory, sir?" queried the manager, noticing this.

"Almost everything," growled the unhappy one. "But you might take back this bill and boil it down a little."

Annoying

JOAN: Doesn't her constant singing in the flat annoy you?
JOYCE: Not so much as the constant flat in her singing.

Finis

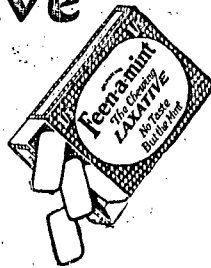
THE door-to-door salesman was extolling the virtues of his wares.

"Talk of value," he said, "why, there are some things that go without saying."

"And there are others that say a lot without going," replied the housewife firmly, as she closed the door.

Your CHILD will enjoy taking this Laxative

safe and delicious



Feen-a-mint's delightful fresh mint flavour

makes it a firm favourite with children

And nothing keeps them in good health so easily and safely. Feen-a-mint is definitely non-habit-forming, and because its action is utterly natural, it can be given with perfect safety, even to the very young. Try this wonderful new laxative. Buy a 1/3 box today—enough for several weeks.

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Obtainable at all Chemists, 1/3 a box; or post free from the manufacturers.

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F. C. Calvert & Co., Ltd.
(Dept. C.N.), Manchester.

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

TONY was very tired of his own company, for he had had measles and wasn't allowed to play with anyone. He was really well again, but still there were three whole days before he could go back to school and his friends.

He had been out in the garden and was now wandering round the sitting-room, grumbling to his mother.

As he passed it, he stopped in front of the little old-fashioned desk, which had been given him by his grandfather and was his very own.

"I wish I knew what Grandpa used to play at when he was a little boy," he said, fiddling with the old inkpot that always stood on the desk. "I can't think of anything nice to do."

"Well, why don't you tidy all the drawers in your desk?" suggested Mummy.



It gave way at last

Tony sat down and began slowly to sort out the things in the long drawer. But he soon got tired of that, and the drawer wasn't much tidier when he shut it noisily.

"It's so dull. I know every single thing in these drawers," he grumbled.

He started to open and shut the little row of drawers in the upper part of the desk: some of them squeaked and others were very hard to open.

He always called these Grandpa's drawers, and kept his own things in the lower ones.

It kept him quiet for a little while.

"This is a stiff one!" he said, tugging at a drawer which seemed to be jammed. It gave way at last with a jerk, and Tony nearly fell over.

"Look, Mummy!" he cried. "See what I've found! It was right behind that stiff drawer." And he showed her a little square of glass covered with brown paper. On one

THE PEEP-SHOW

side the paper was cut so that it opened like a little door; and under the glass was a faded photograph of a little boy. Round the photo were all kinds of pressed flowers.

"Why," said Mummy, "that is what we used to call a peep-show. Grandpa must have pressed those flowers himself when he was a little boy; that is his photo in the middle. Just fancy its being there all that time!"

"Do you think I could make one?" asked Tony.

"Yes, easily," said Mummy. "I'll find a piece of glass while you go into the garden and gather the nicest flowers you can find."

"Now I know what Grandpa played at!" cried Tony gladly, skipping off.